The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

The Week.

The currency bill matured by the caucus committee of the House, as furnished to the press, agrees in its principal features with the outline heretofore published, and, where it differs, it differs for the better, being more thorough and effective than we had ventured to hope. First and foremost is a section declaring that the standard unit of value shall be as now the dollar of 25 8-10 grains of gold; 9-10 fine, or 23.22 grains of pure gold. This is followed by a declaration that all the interest-bearing obligations of the United States and all United States notes and Treasury notes shall be payable in said gold coin. To this is added a new clause, that "all other obligations, public and private, for the payment of money shall be performed in conformity with the standard established in said section." This clause does not impair the legal-tender character of the silver dollar, which is safeguarded by a subsequent section making it the imperative duty of the Treasury to keep it at par with gold, and providing abundant means for that end. Probably all obligations, public and private, are payable in gold without this new clause, but the declaration is none the less important for that reason. It is safe to predict that when this clause passes into the statute-book, a controversy which has been almost continuous since 1876 will be set at rest. Some flickerings of life may still remain, but they will never again be serious enough to disturb the business community or to impair the national credit either at home or abroad.

The next feature of the bill is the machinery for carrying the foregoing intentions into effect. The currency functions of the Treasury are separated from its fiscal operations by establishing a Division of Issue and Redemption for the transaction of all business relating to the issue, redemption, and exchange of money. This division is provided with ample funds to carry out the purpose contemplated, the details of which need not be here repeated. This section is followed by another, which may be called the crowning excellence of the measure. After establishing the gold-reserve fund in the Division of Issue and Redemption, it says:

"And in addition thereto, he [the Secretary] is hereby authorized to issue and sell, whenever in his judgment it is necessary to the maintenance of said reserve fund, bonds of the United States bearing interest at a rate not exceeding 3 per centum per annum, payable in gold coin at the end of twenty years, but redeemable in gold coin at the option of the United States after one year."

To appreciate the change in public opinion which this provision attests, we have only to recall the fact that Secretary Carlisle, in January, 1895, entered into a contract with a group of American and foreign bankers for the purchase of about $65,000,000 of gold coin, issuing therefor bonds bearing 4 per cent. interest and running thirty years, at a price which made the rate of interest equal to 3½ per cent.; that the syndicate offered to reduce the rate to 3 per cent. if Congress would make the bonds payable specifically in gold; and that President Cleveland's special message to this end was rejected in the House by a majority of 47 votes, and with torrents of abuse for the Administration.

Ex-Speaker Reed, in announcing last week his opinion in favor of positive financial legislation, took occasion to let it be known that he is no friend of imperialism, and that he does not interpret the result of the election in Ohio as decidedly favorable to the policy of the Administration. What he said on this subject is worth repeating, viz.:

"Two years ago, when we were in earnest and the question of the monetary standard was fully before the people [of Ohio], the candidate who represented the gold standard received 526,000 votes, and all his opponents received 486,000. That was 40,000 majority. This year the Republican candidate had but 49,000 plurality, while a third candidate had 106,000 votes. In the old days, when a majority over all was required, there would have been no election. I do not enter into the question of whether such an opposition can be united; I think it could not; nevertheless, that is a chance which had better not be taken. But it is not the figures themselves that are of much account. It is what they indicate. If there is a settled national feeling, men vote for men and things, but when the public mind is unsettled they vote against men and things. Both Ohio and Kentucky are examples of this."

In other words, Mr. Reed thinks that if there had been no third candidate in Ohio, the 106,000 votes cast for Jones could not have been united in favor of McLean. They would have been cast in accordance with the predilections, the former party affiliations of the voters, and in that case Nash would have been elected. But he holds very justly that it is not wise to take any chances on those votes in the future.

What Gen. John M. Palmer, the Gold Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1896, says of the attitude of that wing of the party toward Bryan is undoubtedly accurate. With Bryan as a candidate, he asserts, the real issue will be silver at 16 to 1, no matter what may be the platform, and the Gold Democrats will not vote for him. His defeat, in Gen. Palmer's opinion, will be certain. How can it be otherwise? From what source will he gain enough votes to make good the loss of supporters in his own party? Neither he nor anybody else knows. Reason seems to be lost on him and on his supporters. He and they are quite unable to comprehend that in the estimation of a majority of the American people he represents antagonism to property, to business stability, and consequently to the general welfare. That being the case, it makes not the slightest difference what he may profess. If he were to repudiate all his present and past beliefs to-morrow, it would not make him any stronger as a candidate before the people. They distrust him utterly.

A revolt of considerable magnitude has begun against Bryanism in the State of Virginia, and among the revolters are reckoned both the Democratic Senators from that State. The foundation of the revolt is the fact that it is impossible to make any headway on the platform of 16 to 1 in the face of the prosperous conditions of business now prevailing. The hopeless nature of such a contest finds expression in the columns of the Richmond *Times*, which asks the question, "How long can we cling to this dead body?"—meaning free-silverism. It is not easy to answer the question, but it is pretty safe to say that the rural districts of the South will support Bryan in the next national convention, because they have no other candidate. Even if business is good, even though cotton sells for eight cents per pound, there must be somebody to take Bryan's place in the minds and hearts of the common people. To displace him a man must first be found; and where is he? If Augustus Van Wyck had been elected Governor of New York instead of Theodore Roosevelt, there would have been a possible substitute for Bryan. That was the programme of a very shrewd cabal in the Democratic party. It had its headquarters, not in New York, but in the Carolinas. Its scheme was a good one, but it was brought to naught by Richard Croker when he thrust Judge Daly off the bench, and thus alienated enough Democratic votes in the State to defeat Van Wyck at the first and most essential step in the far-reaching programme.

There is a hot fight going on in the Democratic party in Alabama over the succession to John T. Morgan in the United States Senate. Gov. Johnston appears now to have the best of it. He is a young man of great energy and self-reliance, and he seems to have the present Legislature of the State very much at his command. As an instance of his power in that quarter, it is recalled that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after the Legislature had passed a bill for a constitutional convention and steps had been taken for the election of delegates thereto, Gov. Johnston got wind of an intrigue to frame a constitution that would virtually make him ineligible for the Senatorship at the next vacancy. So he called the Legislature together in extra session, and had the constitutional-convention act repealed, much to the astonishment of his rival candidates. Senator Morgan's chances of reëlection seem to be slender in any event. His opponents say that he is too old for another term, and also that he has been latterly an assistant Republican rather than a Democrat. He sustained Bryan and the platform of 16 to 1, but in all else he has been a strong supporter of McKinley and Hanna, going in for Imperialism, subsidies, a big army and navy, and all sorts of foreign adventures. He has not his equal in wind power in the whole Senate, and, although he talks well for the first half-hour of every speech, he becomes excessively tedious in the concluding two or three hours. His present platform is the conquest of the Philippines in order to promote the sale of cotton and cotton goods in China. It will be so handy, he says, to have plenty of storage warehouses in the island of Luzon. The market for cotton that he sees in eastern Asia in consequence of our having storage-room in the Philippines is as limitless as his speech at the New England Society's dinner in this city a few years ago.

The full returns of the Iowa election show that the Republican victory was quite as complete as was at first claimed. Gov. Shaw has a plurality of over 58,000, against not quite 30,000 when he was first elected in 1897, and between 55,000 and 56,000 for the Republican Congressional candidates in 1898. The total vote is considerably larger than that cast either last year or the year before, so that the test of public sentiment appears to have been a perfectly fair one. Gov. Shaw's first administration has been so successful and free from criticism that the opposition could make no headway on State issues, and voters cast their ballots according to their views on national politics. Gov. Shaw profits much as a local leader of his party by this result, and it is not strange that his friends should suggest him as a good candidate for Vice-President next year.

During the first year of McKinley's Administration, he was severely criticised for his abuse of the pardoning power, particularly his unwarranted clemency toward criminals who had been guilty of breach of trust, like defaulting cashiers who had wrecked national banks. Then came the war with Spain, and next the war with the Filipinos, to obscure all the petty "parochial questions," and nobody paid any attention to so trifling a matter as whether the executive was doing his duty as one of the agencies in punishing or condoning crime. It now appears that the abuse has been flourishing throughout this period when the public were occupied with other things, the total number of Presidential pardons reaching 349, and the commutations of sentence 129. No fewer than sixteen bank-wreckers have been let out of prison, and eight other unfaithful bank officers have had their sentences commuted; while sixty-one postmasters who had been convicted of embezzlement and kindred crimes have been pardoned, and twenty-nine more relieved of part of their sentences. When Mr. McKinley began this sort of work in the summer of 1897, by pardoning a defaulting Maine bank cashier, who deserved no clemency, before he had served four of the ten years in prison given him by a federal court, and two other such offenders under similar circumstances in New York and Arkansas, a leading Republican newspaper of the first State complained that "the courts do not forget their function of punishing for the protection of the properties and lives of the people, but their work is now nullified to a large extent by executive volition." This nullification has been going on during the past two years all the more frequently that it so seldom attracted remark.

Attention has been called lately to a suit now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States under the anti-Trust law of 1890—the United States vs. the Addyston Pipe and Steel Company and others. There are six defendants joined together in the suit, all being producers of iron pipe for water, gas, and sewer service. They formed a combination for a division of territory, fixing the prices of pipe in thirty-six States, and agreeing not to compete with each other, but to keep up an appearance of competition by fictitious bids. It was provided in the agreement that whichever company should secure a contract for pipe under this arrangement should pay a fixed bonus to be distributed among the others. Among the curious pieces of testimony offered by the Attorney-General is a letter from the manager of the Chattanooga Foundry and Pipe Works (one of the defendants) to all the others, protesting against the exorbitant prices fixed by the combination. "The prices made at St. Louis and Atlanta," he says, "are entirely out of all reason, and the result has been, and always will be, when high prices are named, to create a bad feeling and an agitation against the combination." This letter was dated February 25, 1896. This was a true prophecy, for the suit was begun against them on the 10th of December following, in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Tennessee. The bill of complaint was dismissed by Judge Clark, but his decision was reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals, which perpetually enjoined the defendants from doing business under the combination. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, where the case has been argued, and a decision is expected soon.

It seems to be a safe assumption that the State police bill will not become a law at the approaching session of the Legislature, even if the Governor does not decide to oppose it. The protests from the cities of this State other than New York are so vigorous that there is no possibility of its receiving sufficient support to insure its passage by the Senate. As we foresaw immediately after election, the fact that several of the cities to be included in the bill's provisions had been carried by the Republicans for the first time in several years, has operated against the measure. It was all well enough to propose to have a State police for them when they were under Democratic control, but when they are under Republican control, why, that is another matter. One of the most amusing developments of the discussion of the subject has been the appearance of two of the most expert jobbers in the Senate as possible supporters of the measure. They would like extremely to see it get through the Assembly and before the Senate, where their votes would determine its fate. Visions of the amount which Tammany would be willing to pay to have it defeated must be disturbing their slumbers nightly.

The decision of the Appellate Division, affirming the unconstitutionality of the Ahearn claims act, disposes finally, we presume, of one of the most indefensible pieces of legislation which ever came out of Albany. What got into Gov. Roosevelt's head to induce him to give his approval to such a palpable Tammany raid upon the City Treasury, is one of those things which no fellow can find out. The author of the bill has a well-earned reputation which furnishes ample reason for viewing every measure that he favors with suspicion. It was a safe presumption that this bill, when it made its appearance, was not in the interest of economical government. Its provisions enabled every office-holder under our municipal government who had been prosecuted for misconduct, to bring a claim against the city for expenses incurred in defending himself, and to collect it without the authorities of the city having much voice in the matter. Under this law, claims aggregating a half-million or more were filed almost immediately after its enactment,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and visions of wealth filled many Tammany bosoms with delight. The courts have dispelled all these, and the useful lesson is imparted that officials who get in trouble with the laws, must bear the expense which their carelessness may entail upon them in their efforts to get out.

We venture to call the attention of our strenuous Governor to some remarks which were made on Monday by Judge Bartine of the Somerset County Court, in the State of New Jersey. One of the participants in a recent "glove contest," or "sparring exhibition," in an ice-house at Raritan, was arrested in Pennsylvania and brought before the Judge for violating the law forbidding such contests. He pleaded guilty, and, in passing sentence upon him, Judge Bartine said that he wished to have it understood that dog-fights, cock-fights, and prize-fights, under whatever name they are held, are violations of the laws of New Jersey; that, in his estimation, they are low, brutal, degrading, and demoralizing, and the law was wise in forbidding them, and in inflicting severe penalties for its violation. He understood that such exhibitions were allowed under the laws of New York, and, this being the case, he thought that "those who are brutal enough and degraded enough to enjoy them had better go there." The laws of New York State, however, do not allow such exhibitions as we have had at Coney Island, but expressly forbid them. Neither do New York city laws, but our local authorities choose to construe them in favor of prize-fights, and if our Governor differs with them in that construction, he has not made the fact known.

Reluctance to be civilized and put in sanitary condition appears in various places in Cuba. People are objecting to having their houses entered by health officers, and stand aghast at all the scrubbing and deodorizing and sterilizing that is going on, with themselves as chief victims. They prefer to be left alone with their filth and their death-rate. This seems madness and ingratitude to us benevolent civilizers, though it is meant only as the assertion of personal rights and dignity on the part of those who dislike our carbolic spray. The thing is, of course, only one of the necessary incidents of trying to force one civilization upon another. People in Bombay preferred to die of the plague like flies rather than clean up. Their lives had to be saved violently. A Manila correspondent wrote us the other day that, among out doubtful triumphs in the Philippines, was the achievement of making the people "cleaner than they wanted to be." Yet we know that there is such a thing as being too clean even in this city. Col. Waring was thrown over with a kind of savage glee for having made us cleaner than we wanted to be. Manila or Matanzas could not have returned to its wallowing in the mire with greater enthusiasm than New York. But our new-caught sullen peoples are certain to revolt, for a long time, against being made by force altogether such as we are. We must take warning from the sad fate of the Zulu medicine-man. He was put to death by his tribe, and when the missionary asked why, the chief said that it was because he had given them such an intolerable deal of good advice.

The losses of British officers in the South African battles continue to be extraordinarily severe. To take their places England has practically stripped her reserves of every available officer. So serious has been the depletion that the War Office has been compelled to give commissions to fifty or sixty young fellows who have not passed a competitive examination. None of these, of course, will be sent to South Africa. They will simply take the place of more experienced men who are thus released from the home depots to go to the Cape. Gen. Methuen was reported to have ordered his officers to assimilate themselves in dress and equipment to the men, so that they might not be so shining a mark for the Boer bullets; but the returns of his battles show the same disproportionate mortality among officers.

Gen. Kitchener's quiet announcement, "The Sudan is now open"—as who should say, "I declare this museum thrown open to the public"—is the official notification that the long reign of savagery in that vast region is at last over. With Gordon's death and the triumph of the Mahdi, all that civilization had done for the Sudan was swept clean away. What sixteen years have done to reduce those once fertile territories and swarming villages along the upper Nile to wreck and desolation, official reports set forth in their cold way, but it takes imagination to picture the misery which lies behind the unimpassioned figures. The population is estimated at only 25 per cent. of what it was sixty years ago. Heaps of sand mark the sites of former villages. Cultivated fields have become desert wastes. Nearly all the men of fighting age have perished, so that mere human labor is the greatest need of the Sudan to-day. Lord Cromer says that there used to be 3,000 water-scoops, for irrigating purposes, between the Atbara and Khartum, but that on his recent visit he was told that there were but seventy left. The ruin is almost complete. The work of recuperation will have to be undertaken from the foundation. Yet there is no doubt what English administration will make of these ancient habitations of cruelty.

When Germany adopted the gold standard in 1873, she took into her Treasury all the silver subsidiary coins of the several countries composing the Empire, except the thalers or three-mark pieces, and issued instead the present subsidiary coinage of marks and fractions thereof. The old silver was either recoined or sold as fast as it came in, until 1879, when Prince Bismarck, becoming alarmed at the decline of silver in the market, ordered that the sales be stopped. He and the President of the Imperial Bank explained in the Reichstag that the sales of silver up to that time had resulted in a debit balance of 96,500,000 marks, and that it was desired to put a stop to these losses. This policy of discontinuing the sales of silver was carried into effect, although strenuously opposed in the Reichstag by Herr von Delbrück, Minister of Finance, and by Ludwig Bamberger, who contended that the longer the sales were postponed the greater the eventual loss would be. The price of silver in London at that time was 50¼d. per ounce. It has since fallen as low as 25d., involving a loss several times as large as that incurred before 1879, showing the folly of Bismarck's decision. The stoppage of sales left about 450,000,000 marks in thalers and 420,000,000 marks in other silver coins on hand, which far exceeded the current requirements of the public, so that all efforts to increase the amounts in actual circulation failed. Early in the eighties, the metallic money of the Empire consisted of three-fifths silver and only two-fifths gold, an unsafe proportion. For a number of years the store of silver was reduced only by the sale of a small amount to the Egyptian Government and of 26,000,000 in thalers taken by the Austrian Government for recoinage.

The commercial development of the past few years, creating an increased demand for small change, has pointed to a possible way out of the "limping standard" by enabling Germany to convert its unused silver into subsidiary coins for its own people. It is announced that a law will be proposed in the Reichstag providing for an increase of the proportion of subsidiary coins per head of population from ten marks to fourteen marks per capita, and also for the resumption of the sales of the remaining thaler money, compensation being made to the Imperial Treasury for the loss thereby incurred out of the profit realized by the Government from the increased silver circulation. It is assumed that by this operation the entire thaler surplus will be got rid of in the course of ten years without further loss to the Government. This will, of course, result in "limping" into an absolute gold standard, for which reason the projected law will, no doubt, meet with determined but futile resistance on the part of the bimetallic faction in the Reichstag.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPUBLICAN DANGER.

There is something ominous in Senator Hanna's prompt rising to remark that the shipping-subsidies bill is certain to be passed in the coming session of Congress. It is prophetic of the determined raid on the Treasury which is sure to be made this winter all along the line. Bounties to shipbuilders are only symptomatic of the general appeal that will be heard for private aid from public funds. The demand for class legislation will be more powerful than ever at the very moment that some of the strongest bulwarks against it are removed. With every disposition to think well of Speaker Henderson, it is not to be expected that he will have the resolution or resource of Speaker Reed, or the support of his party, in beating off the assaults on the Treasury. And Hanna is the Jameson of the impending raid. He is the recognized Master of the Revels of the Republican party, and has already given the signal for the pipers to strike up. They will have to be paid later; but that does not trouble this Walpole of our politics. The old saying that "Every man has his price," Senator Hanna has improved upon by the addition, "Yes, and I am the man who pays it."

Shipping subsidies are one of his forms of payment. He gave his I. O. U. for them in 1896, and is naturally annoyed at the delay of Congress in honoring his signature. But now everything is in train for final settlement of this campaign note, and the Commissioner of Navigation, who in former years was a strong opponent of subsidies, has already made a report showing that, though the shipyards were never so prosperous, and American tonnage never so great, we must have subsidies or we perish. This limping logic and the subsidies bill itself we do not at present discuss. What we are insisting upon now is that this particular movement to take money from the public and put it in favored individual pockets is only a specimen of the many that are waiting just around the corner. The process is always like a letting out of the waters. It is the first bad bill that costs, and its cost is the total that has to be paid for all the bad bills that follow it Hence we say that Mr. Hanna's anticipatory announcement of one huge item of new extravagance is the sure sign of an era of lavish expenditure and reckless legislation at Washington.

This is the great Republican temptation, as it is the great Republican danger. It is the historic peril of the party since the war. Experienced Republican leaders might well say to Hanna, as the wit said to the man who clapped him on the back with the usual, "You don't seem to know me," "Well, I don't remember your face, but your manner is certainly familiar." Hanna's large and easy way of disposing of the public money is simply the familiar old precursor of the scandals of class legislation under Grant and under Harrison. Subsidies and rash Nicaragua Canal grants and service pensions, and every other suggested form of irrigating private gardens from the great reservoir in the national Treasury, may easily next winter make former periods of extravagance seem penurious by comparison.

Warnings against an "orgy" usually, we know, fall upon deaf ears when addressed to those who are ostentatiously preparing it. It is because they treat politics as a form of gambling. What, shall we not play the game for all there is in it? Shall we not break the bank when it is easily in our power to do so? Politicians who treat control of a Legislature or Congress as a means of speculation find the counsels of moderation ineffably silly. Yet even they might take warning from the prudence of gamblers and speculators. A poker-player in Dead-Man's Gulch knows that it is not always wise to take advantage of a run of luck to strip his antagonist of everything but a knife, lest he find that knife sticking between his own ribs. And speculators in control of a "corner" find it best to let their victims "settle up" without absolutely ruining them.

A similar considerateness on the part of those who are now preparing to parcel out the national revenues, even if, like Clive, they should be astonished at their own moderation, would have a better chance of being practised if they would remember two things. One is that the willingness of the people to endure taxation has its limits. War-taxes they will cheerfully pay, so long as times are good; but this does not argue that they will pay for all kinds of gorgeous schemes for making money out of the government. Of subsidies, bounties, and other forms of enriching the few at the cost of the many, they will say, "This is magnificent, but it is not war," and will grumble mightily at the resulting taxation. Then it will be well for the Republican managers to remember that it is not altogether certain that the badness of the Democrats will for ever excuse and make safe their own corruption. William of Canton looks at William of Lincoln, and says, as royal Charles said to James, "Well, whatever happens, they will never kill me to make *you* King." Saying nothing of this as a wise and safe rule of statesmanship, we have to remark, first, that the American people sometimes choose strange instruments to do their work, and, second, that the one thing which could make Bryan's election possible next year would be Republican extravagance and class legislation this session. Whatever real strength he now has is mainly as the representative of the ancient feud of want and have. Let a corrupt Republican Congress be followed by bad times and industrial disturbances, and Bryan's opportunity to assert that the government had been prostituted to the selfish ends of a few rich men would be used, we may be sure, with every art of the skilled agitator, and with tremendous effect. This is the chief Republican danger, which is only another way of saying that Hanna and his policy of grab and greed are the danger.

OUR SUGAR DUTIES.

The *Diario de la Marina* of Havana of November 17 makes mention of a delegation of Cuban gentlemen visiting the United States, for the purpose of promoting a treaty of reciprocity whereby the sugar of the island shall be admitted to the United States free of duty. The Havana newspaper says that these gentlemen have received much encouragement from members of the New York Chamber of Commerce and from bankers and business men in various centres of industry. Simultaneously we receive the annual report of Brig.-Gen. James H. Wilson, commanding the Department of Matanzas and Santa Clara, embracing a special report on the industrial, economical, and social conditions existing there. Gen. Wilson strongly advocates an arrangement by which the sugar of Cuba shall be admitted to the United States free of duty. He conceives this to be the one thing needed to restore prosperity to the island. The subject will, no doubt, soon find its way into the discussions of Congress. It is time, therefore, to see what principles are concerned in such a measure, and to inquire whether our Treasury can afford to make the sacrifice involved in relinquishing so large a source of its income.

The United States imports about 1,600,000 tons of sugar annually, from which it derives a revenue of about $55,000,000. The island of Cuba has produced in a single year something more than 1,000,000 tons. It is capable of increasing its output indefinitely if a sufficient inducement is offered. It is probably safe to say that Cuba can produce all the sugar that the United States can consume. She has abundance of land adapted to the growth of the cane. Whenever the production shall be stimulated by a bounty equal to our present duty on No. 16 sugar (about two cents per pound), the increase of the industry will soon overtake our present consumption. Under the proposed treaty of reciprocity, the remission of our duty on sugar, if confined to Cuba alone, would be the same thing as a bounty to the Cuban planters of two cents per pound, which is equal to the cost of the article at the factory. What is proposed, therefore, is to give Cuban planters a profit of one hundred per cent. on their product at our expense. Gen. Wilson is well aware of the consequences to the American Treasury of such a step and of the op-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position it will have to meet. In his "summary of conclusions," therefore, he proposes as a compromise "the greatest allowable reduction of duty" on Cuban sugar.

We note that a delegation from Cuba, who called upon President McKinley last week, were more moderate in their proposals. They limited themselves to the reasonable request that Cuban sugar be given the same terms as sugar from the British West Indies under the newly made but as yet unratified treaties with those governments. The terms of those treaties have not yet been made public, but every one will agree that we ought not to discriminate against Cuba in matters of trade in the slightest degree. There are serious objections to discrimination in her favor, however, the principal one arising from the fact that the amount of the donation, when granted in this indirect way, cannot be known to the donors.

The average amount of revenue collected from duties on sugar and molasses is, as we have said, $55,000,000 per year. If the product of Cuba alone were admitted to our market free, the American consumers of sugar would pay the same price as before, and the 2 cents per pound now received by our Treasury would go to the Cuban planters. If they were able to supply one-half of our consumption, rather more than $25,000,000 per annum would be distributed among them in this way. As the Cuban production increased, the sum so distributed would be enlarged. If ever the Cuban product should exceed in quantity our ability to consume, the price would begin to fall and the American consumer would derive an advantage, unless possibly a Trust should be formed strong enough to control competition. The public revenue from sugar would, in the case supposed, be cut in half at the outset, and would dwindle from year to year until it became extinct. The Government could not afford so great a loss, when we consider its enlarged army and navy expenditures and the prospective increase of its pension list.

Of course, there are numerous middle ways of dealing with this question. All sorts of compromises are possible, and no doubt speculators of our own kith and kin will see that money is to be made by diverting the sugar duties to private pockets. Americans will buy plantations and put in sugar machinery. The industry is sufficiently attractive, regardless of the question of duties or bounties. The island of Cuba is probably the richest piece of ground on the American hemisphere. It is certainly the richest for sugar-growing. Mr. William J. Clark, in his recently published book on 'Commercial Cuba' (Scribners), says that, *ceteris paribus*, "sugar can be produced cheaper per pound than in any other country on the face of the globe." Therefore, there is little risk in investing capital there in sugar-planting, regardless of the American duties. The strong probability is that such investments will be made with a view to the early annexation of the island to the United States, since annexation would be equivalent to a repeal of the sugar duties. Cuban sugar would then stand on the same footing as that of Louisiana or the beet-sugar of Nebraska and California. This is one of our "rocks ahead." The Cuban people are not a desirable addition to the American republic. We have more social and political problems than we can deal with satisfactorily now. Cuba would supply us a new one, and the danger is that we shall presently have an irresistible lobby at Washington working for annexation for the money that is in it, and that the Cuban problem will be on our hands without any previous preparation for dealing with it.

CLERICAL IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

There was a meeting on Thursday afternoon in Brooklyn of "The Manhattan-Brooklyn Conference of Congregationalist Churches." The subject of discussion was "Our Sunday-School: Our Young People." It was addressed by two doctors of divinity. Both predicted a sanguinary conflict in future years between the poor and rich—unless, of course, something was done to prevent it. This something must be more Bible-reading in the schools. The children who read the Bible were to take the side of the rich. One of the divines said that there were thirteen million children in America "whose feet had never crossed the threshold of a Christian church." These are to take the side of the poor. We hope these thirteen million children may be able to go to church and read the Bible, but we have no expectation of it. We have no idea that we shall in this way ever save the rich from having their throats cut. No rich man who has any knowledge of history or human nature has the least hope of safety from any such source.

Now, will the Bible Christians listen to a few words of sober sense? The education of children in a civilized state depends only partly on its religious teachers, or in fact on any teachers properly so called. By far the more important factors in it are the way the laws are administered and the kind of men who administer them. Children are affected profoundly, from their earliest years, by their father's attitude towards the state and by the kind of men he associates with. If the state be represented to the child by thieving and unscrupulous legislators, by unjust judges, by corrupt bosses and faithless presidents, no amount of Bible-reading or school-teaching will make him a good citizen. He will grow up to be like those around him. He will try to get "a piece" of whatever is going. He will have no idea of public duty except Platt's or Croker's, and he will go to the Legislature only when they send him. Any modern state which relies on schools and Bibles to make up for defects in administration is sure to come to grief sooner or later. It cannot be too often repeated that it is the administration of the government which has most to do with the training of children. Such talk as this of the clergy in Brooklyn, of getting rid of our evils by Bible-reading, by hoisting flags on school-houses, and trying to make the boys believe that they will one day be strenuous colonels, is chromo, or "bouffe," education. The world outside must seem to the youth an outcome, not a mockery, of the school.

What is the first thing the state, as well as the school, should teach him? Is it not that the moral law is the supreme law of the universe? Is it not that the supreme rule of conduct is, "To live honestly, to injure no man, and to give every man his due"? We do not ask Baptists and Methodists to be good Christians; we ask them simply to be followers of pagan philosophers. We know, all of us, that it is on the respect of the poor for these principles that the safety of the rich man's property must in the long run depend. On nothing does it depend so much as on the belief of the mass of mankind that right is superior to might, that the use of might to deprive other people of life, liberty, or property, except to prevent graver social evils, is one of the worst offences that a civilized man can commit. Nothing can be more dangerous in a democratic state than to teach the poor that the moral law can be shaped or amended by merely counting noses. And yet what else are we doing? We are giving the American poor the first great lesson they have had, that in America might counts for right, that we may murder thousands of men, and sack their houses, without a shadow of a right to do so except what we can find in the fact that we are the stronger. What right that we have ever recognized in our American policy have we to do what we are doing in the Philippines, which the slums have not to do in Fifth Avenue? If the rich men were wise and read their Bibles more carefully, they would know that in entering on wars of conquest they were parting with one of the best defences of their property, for the poor are more numerous and more powerful than they; and think they know how the rich ought to live, and think so more and more every year.

For one other consideration we must ask the attention of the divines. The American Constitution has long been regarded, all over the world, as one of the choicest products of constructive wisdom. It has been for a century the envy and admiration of England, mainly as a protection to property. The respect for it by the American masses has been look-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed upon here by us until now as our best and surest defence against the excesses of democracy and against the schemes of Cæsarism. To have created among such a large body of people, gathered from all parts of the earth, so much respect for a written document, was considered, until two years ago, one of the most wonderful political feats of modern times. Well, where is the Constitution now? One of the generals coming home from the Philippines last year announced that "the Constitution is played out," and millions reëcho the sentiment every time the President goes about on a stumping tour. We are all, too, in mortal terror of Bryan. Is it not time, Reverend Gentlemen, to grow up, and put away childish things?

CERVERA'S OWN STORY.

Admiral Cervera obtained from the Queen Regent, late in August, permission to publish the official correspondence relating to the operations of the Spanish squadron under his command. The result is a volume of more than 200 pages, a copy of which has just reached us. It contains many dispatches which have been published before, but some which are entirely new, and in particular several letters which passed between Admiral Cervera and the Minister of Marine before the war broke out, which are not only new but of the deepest interest. The whole is now offered as the Apologia of the gallant old sailor. With a proud humility, at once dignified and pathetic, he lays before his fellow-countrymen and the world the proof that, whoever blundered, whoever was the victim of wild illusions, he was not; but that, throughout, his head was as clear, his foresight as keen, as his heart was stout.

From the very beginning—going back as far as the letters of 1896-'97—Cervera's constant warning to the Minister of Marine was, "Do everything in reason or honor to satisfy the United States, for, if war breaks out, we shall be overwhelmed." Minister Bermejo was incredulous. A good part of the American navy was in the Pacific. Yes, replied clear-sighted Cervera, on March 7, 1898, but what does that mean except the immediate crushing of our feeble naval forces in the Philippines? Ah, rejoined the Minister, but you do not take into the account the "superiority of our homogeneous, educated, and disciplined crews in a combat with the mercenary levies of the United States." As to that, answered Cervera, sadly, you have only to remember what happened to our ancestors at Trafalgar. But, surely, urged Bermejo, with your swift ships you can ravage the Atlantic Coast, and speedily bring the enemy to terms. Are you crazy? was Cervera's despairing comment.

So the correspondence went on through all those weary weeks of waiting for the war. The men in charge of the fleet—Cervera and all his captains—solemnly warned the Government that their campaign must be defensive, or it would necessarily be disastrous. But at the same time Blanco was urgently telegraphing from Cuba, and Macías from Porto Rico, that the squadron must be sent, or all would be lost. Thus pulled about, the Government was at its wits' end, and finally called the famous Council of War of the eighteen or twenty admirals and captains in Madrid, which decided that Cervera must sail from Cape Verde and fling himself on the foe. That was about what his orders amounted to, for he was utterly unable then or later to get intelligible instructions from the Minister of Marine. His orders were simply to sail for the Antilles, calling at some neutral port for information, and then going to Porto Rico or Cuba, as he might think best, and doing there whatever his "skill, discretion, and courage" might suggest. Was ever hapless officer sent more bunglingly to the fate which he knew to be as certain as the sunrise? Yet Cervera set sail with his crippled ships as bravely and cheerfully as if going to assured victory. He said that if the admirals overruled him, one of them really ought to relieve him, but he was not the man to shrink from duty, and, with a proud *moriturus saluto* to the Spanish Government and people, he put to sea.

Cervera fully intended to go to Porto Rico after calling at Fort de France. His statement to that effect is a tribute to the shrewdness of our own naval strategists, who sent Sampson to that island to meet him. But at Martinique Cervera heard that Sampson was awaiting him; he himself had to go to Curaçoa for coal, and then, by a good deal of luck (*algo casual*), as he himself confesses, got into Santiago unobserved. To Cervera at Martinique the following extraordinary telegram was sent by the Minister of Marine:

"MADRID, May 12, 1898.

"Since your sailing the situation has changed. Your instructions are amplified so that if you judge that the squadron cannot operate to advantage where you are, you may return to Spain, choosing your own route and port of call, though this would preferably be Cadiz. Acknowledge receipt and advise of your decision."

Cervera did not acknowledge receipt, because he never saw the dispatch till he got back to Spain; he sailed before it was delivered. But as an indication of the state of mind of the Spanish Government, and of its fitness to carry on war, it needs no comment. In this respect, however, it was surpassed, if such a thing were possible, by the suggestion made by the Minister of War on June 3, that Cervera should run the blockade at Santiago, and go to Manila to smash Dewey, afterwards returning to finish off Sampson!

The later official correspondence has nearly all seen the light before. Cervera was never deceived about the ruin of his ships if he tried to take them out. He wished to blow them up in the harbor and land his men to assist in the defence of the place. But he was under Blanco's orders, and that officer insisted, as we know, upon the Admiral's going out to have 600 of his men killed, in a spirit of sheer "vanity," as Cervera called it. One incidental point is cleared up in these dispatches. Admiral Sampson has said that he never knew why his ships were not fired on at night when standing in close to the harbor's mouth with their searchlights. The reason is that the Spanish had not the guns or ammunition to do it. Cervera asked Gen. Linares to open on the American ships at night, but that officer had to inform him that he had no artillery mounted that could do it. And the ammunition on shore was as defective as it was on shipboard.

Where is boasting? Such is the question we may well ask after this full revelation of the weakness of the foe we conquered at Santiago. The only boast the Spaniards have made is that they showed the world they knew how to die. Never did men go more clear-eyed to death for their country than Cervera and his comrades. What he has now published is in defence of his intelligence. He wanted his friends and his country to know that he at least had been dwelling in no fool's paradise. "This squadron is already destroyed," he wrote, on sailing from Cape Verde. But no defence was needed of Admiral Pascual Cervera's patriotism or gallantry. Those are written imperishably in the faithful story of what he did and dared, with serene courage, in the face of fated disaster.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

DUBLIN, November 18, 1899.

The Transvaal war will be fought out independently of questions of responsibility for its inception or outbreak, or considerations concerning its conclusion and influence upon the world. The stronger will win, and there can be no doubt as to which of the contending parties is the stronger. Practical men are wont to decry the discussion of academic questions, and most of us consider ourselves practical. Yet how important is the discussion of such questions, and how impossible it is to ignore the ethical side of that war which now absorbs the attention of the British world!

To those who believe Mr. Chamberlain's motives, intentions, and conduct throughout to have been "all that's honest, honorable, and fair," the declaration of war by the Transvaal was unjustifiable. Those who take a contrary view may feel differently; and how much has a contrary view been justified by the utterances of the supporters of the Government since the outbreak of hostilities! The mask has been thrown off. We hear little now of the wrongs of the Uitlanders. The supremacy of England is and has been really the dominant consideration—"our supremacy," euphemistically

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clouded under speech about the "supremacy of the Queen." The gospel as preached according to Kipling has carried the day. A member of the Government in a speech lately delivered in Dublin openly declares: "Questions of franchise and such things were only as dust in the balance. . . . The supremacy of Great Britain must be secured at all hazards." She was already supreme in South Africa. Further supremacy over the Transvaal can have meant nothing less than its acknowledgment of her suzerainty, the obliteration of its distinct rights as a nation, its relegation at the best to the position of a native Indian State, with a Resident, and, if with an allowed army, one supervised by British officers. Those, then, who take a view contrary to that of Mr. Chamberlain, his followers, and admirers, are likely to look upon the declaration of war by the Transvaal as inevitable. Similar warlike preparations, hurrying off of transports, massing of troops on the frontiers of any one of the great Powers, would have compelled a similar though earlier ultimatum. The responsibility lies with Mr. Chamberlain. Considering the forces at his command, he could with safety and dignity, while negotiating, well have afforded to shun even the appearance of military preparation. A few months' delay would not have signified to him. Had honest negotiations with an honest intent failed, he could, with a practically united Empire at his back and the unforfeited sympathy of the world, have set about his preparations as necessary. Those of us who have condemned the methods of Mr. Chamberlain and suspected his intentions, see in all his policy since the Jameson Raid a settled determination to inveigle the Transvaal into war. He has succeeded. We now fully realize the extent to which he has all along had the support of the Empire, and our sympathies are with the Transvaal.

It is said that had Mr. Krüger waited for Mr. Chamberlain to strike the first blow, he would have had the sympathy of the whole civilized world. This is questionable. Would it not have been said, "You waited till England had made every preparation, had mobilized her forces, had poured one army corps after another into South Africa, had fortified and provisioned every strategic point on your borders, had fastened her grip upon every line of communication, had occupied every pass into your territory; you knew that such preparations could be preliminary only to claims which in honor you could not grant; you knew you would have to fight sooner or later; you have forfeited all chance of making a respectable stand, and with it our respect; you must take the consequences of your folly"? Supposing, however, that Mr. Krüger had so acted as to secure the best wishes of the world, would that have helped him? It has been truly pointed out that since the fall of Napoleon there has been a marked and growing disposition on the part of nations to non-interference—allowing those that enter, whether singly or in partnership, into international quarrels to fight them out by themselves. After the Armenians, protected by solemn treaties, being left to their fate under the Turks, what possible chance is there of the sympathy of outsiders availing in contests between peoples? If the Boers were to fight at all, it appears to many of us here that they were wiser to precipitate hostilities.

Whether they are right in fighting at all is another question. Few cultured and thoughtful people, realizing the terrible consequences, could justify themselves in engaging in a conflict under like conditions. But as yet we must not judge nations as we judge ourselves. Perhaps in view of the lethal powers science has now placed at the command of civilized man, the ethics of national duty and honor will be rewritten. Perhaps, leaving aside for future consideration the allowability, under conditions, of wars between doubtfully matched Powers, the moral sense of humanity and the schools will condemn the opposition of small to great Powers. Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark will disband their armies as useless. Thermopylæs, Morgartens, and Sempachs are no longer possible. Children's minds may not in the future be clouded and led astray by being taught to draw lessons from them. Possibly the crushing of Denmark by Germany, of the Armenians by Turkey, of the Transvaal by Britain—may we not add, of Aguinaldo by the United States?—will contribute to this end. Meanwhile we gauge the action of the Transvaal by the old standards.

Its subjugation, indefensible as it will be, may spread the Pax Britannica throughout South Africa. We have little warrant for believing that nations ever really regret, or are given cause to regret, the sins they commit bringing immediate accessions of power and influence. There appears little probability of a general Dutch rising. It is more likely that the Transvaal will in the end submit to overwhelming force, like Alsace and Lorraine, than that permanent unrest will be maintained. The "never, nevers" of politics count for little.

For the colored races, British Indian and native in South Africa, the submission of the Transvaal will be a misfortune. So long as their maltreatment in the Transvaal could be used as an argument for interference in its affairs, some decency has had to be observed in contiguous British colonies, though indeed nothing much worse than the treatment of the Basutos within the past few years has stained the dealings of the white man with the colored. That motive failing, Downing Street will be scarcely more powerful to interfere between white and colored in South Africa than is Washington to stop lynchings in the States. And in this regard it will be found that the principles applied by Great Britain in defence of her colored subjects are likely in the long run to work out less favorably for their incorporation in the body politic than the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States, set at naught as they now too often are. England will never go to war with one of her colonies, as she has shown herself prepared to go to war with the Transvaal, on questions of internal administration.

The stand being made by the Boers is a striking exemplification of the bearing and invigorating influence, under modern conditions, of Protestant as compared to Catholic thought. A Catholic people of like numbers could not within a like period have established such a nationality in the desert. The confirming and extension of religious thought and ecclesiasticism would with such a people have been paramount, not the building up of individual character and national institutions.

The part London has played in bringing about this war cannot escape attention. That enormous, closely compacted congeries of humanity, vitalized in all its ramifications, wielding such influence, controlling the greatest world power in existence, in the mass without conscience, all whose apparent interests are served by the extension of empire, may yet be productive of disastrous consequences to humanity.

One blessing may result from the tragedy being enacted. Since the Crimean war England has not until now entered upon a struggle with a white people. Her military prestige has been maintained in contests, increasingly easy, with colored peoples—thus has she practised the art of modern warfare. In them have her generals been trained, through them have her soldiers gained their laurels; in depicting such wars have the illustrated papers and yellow journals brought to British firesides a sense of England's prowess and glory, and inflamed military ardor in young and old. The practice of war, the training, the glory have been easily bought. The present contest, with people of the same origin as her own, is proving and will prove essentially different. She may realize the consequences of war as she has not realized them for forty years. This may tend—yet at what a cost!—to cool the Jingo fever, if indeed anything will now cool it in a land where military and naval preparation and war expenditure are the direct interest of preponderating masses of voters, where occasional war is essential to the position and prestige of the upper class, where wealth is so abundant and taxation is so arranged as that those who gain most by war feel its burdens least.

All roads lead to Rome. So consideration of most that affects the Empire leads to Ireland. The vigorous opposition of the National Party—such of them as now appear at Westminster—to the war is supposed by many to have given the *coup de grâce* to Home Rule. This is not so certain. The spectacle—after many years of killing Home Rule by kindness, and the running out of fifteen of the twenty years of resolute government that was to settle everything—the spectacle of general Irish sympathy with the Transvaal cannot but impress thoughtful persons with the conviction that something is still out of joint in the relations of the islands. Upon the other hand, there are not wanting Home-Rulers who feel that, if the present attitude of the Home Rule colonies—of blind sympathy with the Empire in an unjust war—is such as would prevail in Ireland under Home Rule, the change might not be altogether beneficial.

D. B.

HUGO'S 'THINGS SEEN.'

PARIS, November 1, 1899.

'Things Seen' (*Choses Vues*) is the title given to fragments left by Victor Hugo, by his executors, who are publishing the definitive edition of his works from the original manuscripts. These fragments are real memoirs, but incomplete memoirs; they are not quite a journal, as they were written without any chronological continuity. They must be considered as impressions committed to paper by Victor Hugo, when he had been struck by any particular event, great or small. His executors think that they owe it to his memory to publish these rapid jottings, perhaps quickly forgotten; some of them might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well have been burned, but many of them bear the mark of the wonderful powers of Victor Hugo, and the two volumes published of 'Choses Vues' are, on the whole, very well worth reading. Hugo had at the same time a very clear vision of things, a sort of realistic power of observation, as well as the poetical faculty of magnifying and transfiguring what he saw. The poet appears even when he speaks of ordinary and trivial things.

The first volume of 'Choses Vues' is the collection of notes taken between 1838 and 1855, to which are added some taken in 1871 and 1875. The long interval between 1855 and 1871, the term of exile for Victor Hugo, is left bare. In the second volume there is no chronological order at all. The volume is divided into chapters, which bear on the most various subjects—theatrical representations, the French Academy, the Tuileries under Louis Philippe, the Chamber of Peers, the Revolution of 1848, the National Assembly, Louis Bonaparte, the Siege of Paris, the Assembly of Bordeaux, etc. The political life of Victor Hugo could be completely reconstructed with the help of these two volumes. We know by his poetical works that he began life as an ardent Legitimist; he wrote some of his earliest poems for the Bourbons. He belonged to the Romantic school, which was royalistic in contradistinction to the Liberals, who were all classic at the time. He was soon, however, reconciled to the Revolution of 1830, and some of his most interesting pages in the 'Choses Vues' are those which he wrote on Louis Philippe and his family. He gave his testimony in his lifetime in favor of Louis Philippe in a chapter of the 'Misérables,' where he calls him "un roi de plein jour."

I select from the many notes on Louis Philippe, whom Victor Hugo saw often at the Tuileries after the King had made him a peer. When the miserable quarrel between France and England on the subject of Tahiti broke out, the King said to him one evening: "We made a mistake in taking this protectorate. What need was there to embarrass ourselves with Tahiti? What was this pinch of tobacco in the midst of the ocean to us?" Then, speaking of Peel, he said:

"Peel knows no languages. A man who knows no languages, if he be not a genius, has necessarily some void in his ideas. Well, Sir Robert Peel has no genius. Would you believe it? He does not know French. So he understands nothing about France. . . . There are many Englishmen, and in the highest places, who understand nothing in France, like that poor Duke of Clarence who became afterwards William IV. He was a mere sailor. You must beware of the sailor spirit. I often say so to my son Joinville. . . . This Duke of Clarence told me, Duke of Orleans: 'We need a war every twenty years between France and England. History shows it.' I answered him: 'My dear Duke, what is the use of men of brains if they allow mankind to commit always the same follies?'"

This whole conversation between the King and Victor Hugo is worth reading. Was it a conversation? The King spoke a little more than an hour without interruption. I cite only the end: "Oh! I have a rough task. At my age, with my seventy-one years, I have not a moment of true repose, either by day or by night. How could I ever be anything but uneasy? I feel Europe pivoting on me." Another day, at Neuilly, the King unbosomed himself again to Victor Hugo, saying:

"Monsieur Hugo, I am ill judged. People say that I am proud, that I am clever, which means that I am a traitor. It wounds me. I am an honest man, that is all, and I walk straight before me. Thiers, working with me, told me one day, when we did not agree, 'Sir, you are proud, but I am prouder than you.' 'The proof that it is not so,' I answered him, 'is that you say so to me.' Talleyrand once said to me: 'You will never do anything with Thiers, who might be such an excellent instrument. The misfortune is, that you can use such men only by giving them satisfaction; and he will never be satisfied.' 'Thiers,' added the King, 'has much *esprit*, but he is too proud of being a *parvenu*.'"

Victor Hugo was always fond of horrors; his works, his dramas show it clearly. He thought it necessary to place the ugly beside the beautiful, so as to obtain powerful contrasts. In his notes, he dwells with extraordinary interest on crimes; there are chapters on the attempts made on the life of Louis Philippe by Lecomte, by Henri, on the prison of the Conciergerie. It was at his request, put in a celebrated quatrain, that Louis Philippe pardoned Barbès, who had led an attempt against a barrack and shot a young lieutenant. The King was very humane and always disposed to pardon. His reasons were not the same as those of Victor Hugo, who invariably finds a touch of madness in all murderers, and seems to have foreseen the modern theories of Lombroso. As a peer of France, Victor Hugo sat among the judges of the Duke de Praslin, who murdered his wife in 1847. His account of the trial is painfully graphic. The Duke de Praslin poisoned himself in prison. Victor Hugo was also among the peers who had to pass judgment on the ministers Teste and Cubières accused of corruption.

After the Revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo was elected a Deputy to the National Assembly by the city of Paris; he was chosen on a general ticket, and stood second on the list. He was a witness of the invasion of the Assembly by the mob on the 15th of May, of the bloody days of June, 1848, and of the debates which followed this insurrection, which was as terrible, if not as long, as the insurrection of the Commune. "This June insurrection," he says, "showed monstrous and unknown shapes to a frightened society." He goes on, from quarter to quarter, taking notes: "It is a hideous thing, this heroism of objection, wherein is shown how much force there is in weakness; this civilization attacked by cynicism and defending itself with barbarism. On one side, the despair of the people; on the other, the despair of society." We see here the antinomy which dwelt constantly in the mind of Hugo; he makes a distinction between the people and society, as if the people and society were not the same thing. Of a generous and chivalrous nature, he had thrown in his lot with the people, and it almost seemed to him that the people "could do no wrong." He had an excuse for its excesses, he saw heroes in all its martyrs, he put his immense genius in the scale of the side of the *misérables;* he was a poet, he was not a statesman.

One day, in 1849, he meets the Chancellor Pasquier at the Academy. Pasquier takes him home in his coach, and complains of getting blind. "I say to him, laughingly, 'It is perhaps because you have governed so long.' He took it well, and replied with a smile, 'I am not alone in going down hill. You are all more ill than I am. I am eighty-two years old, but you are a hundred. This Republic, born last February, is more decrepit than I am, and will die before I do. How many things I have seen fall. I shall also see this fall.'" The Republic of 1848 died soon after this prophecy.

The first relations of Victor Hugo with Prince Louis Napoleon are very interesting. The President-elect invited him to his first dinner given at the Élysée, on the 23d of December, two days after his proclamation as President of the Republic. The letter of invitation was written by Persigny. "The President rose when I entered. We shook hands. 'I have,' said he, 'improvised this dinner. I have only a few dear friends; I hoped that you would consent to be among them. I thank you for having come. You come to me, as I came to you, simply. I thank you.'" The other guests were the Prince de la Moskova, Gen. Changarnier, Conti, Lucien Murat, and some persons unknown to Hugo, two ladies, Madame Conti and the Marquise du H.

"Louis Bonaparte seemed to prefer the lady on his left, Madame du H. She is thirty-six years old, and shows it—beautiful eyes, little hair, an ugly mouth, a white skin, a fine waist, a charming arm, the prettiest hands in the world, admirable shoulders. She is separated now from M. du H. She has eight children, the first seven by her husband. . . . 'You know,' said La Moskova to me, 'she has been the mistress of Napoleon, the son of Jerome; she now belongs to Louis.' 'Well,' said I, 'people change every day a Napoleon for a Louis.'"

After dinner the Prince took Hugo apart and asked him what he thought of the situation.

"I was reserved. I told him that things were promising well. The task was hard, but it was a grand task—to reassure the bourgeoisie, to satisfy the people, to give the former calm, the second work, life to all; that after three petty governments, the elder Bourbons, Louis Philippe, the Republic of February, we needed a great government; that the Emperor had made a great government by war, *he* was to make a great government by peace; that the French people, illustrious for three centuries, did not wish to become ignoble. What had destroyed Louis Philippe was his not understanding the pride of the people. It was, in short, necessary to decorate peace. 'How?' asked Louis Napoleon. 'With all the greatness of art, of letters, of science, with victories. The work of the people can make miracles. And then, France is a conqueror; when she does not conquer by the sword, she must conquer by the mind. Know this and persevere. Not to know it would ruin you.' He appeared pensive and went away."

We have in this passage all the grandiloquence of Victor Hugo. All his political speeches were made in this vein, and we cannot wonder that they produced little effect on public assemblies. Louis Napoleon was taciturn; he was a man of few words; he wanted to secure the good will of Victor Hugo, and for a time he succeeded. "The President, in his drawing-room, looked timid; he did not seem to be at home. He went from one group to another, more like a stranger than like the master of the house."

The first cabinet of the new President had just been appointed, but, says Hugo, "the cabinet is but a mask, or a screen, which covers a Chinese idol. Thiers is behind. Louis Bonaparte begins to feel ill at ease. He has to face eight ministers who all try

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to belittle him. Among these ministers are some avowed enemies. All the nominations, promotions, lists, arrive ready made from the Place St. Georges [where M. Thiers had his house]. He must accept all, sign all." On leaving the Élysée, after his first dinner there, Victor Hugo made this reflection:

"I was thinking of this sudden housewarming, . . . this mixture of bourgeois, of republican and imperialist; . . . of the person, of the entourage, of all that was accidental. Not the smallest curiosity or least characteristic fact of the situation is this man, of whom one can say, at the same moment and on all sides in the same breath: 'Prince, Highness, Monsieur, Monseigneur, and Citoyen.'"

Correspondence.

BETWEEN BRYANISM AND IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the *Nation*, and having acquired sincere respect for your teachings, the embarrassing circumstances of the present lead me to apply to you for advice. A vexing probability has been causing uneasiness for some time, and your issue of November 16, in the article, "The Candidacies Settled," changes the trouble from a vexing probability to a still more vexing reality.

Naturally I am a Democrat, or at least I used to be, although now the primary judges, when I tell them whom I voted for at the last Presidential election, and that I am a Cleveland gold Democrat, and not one of the free-silver Bryan and Altgeld stamp, refuse to admit me. With many others of like beliefs I voted for Mr. McKinley, and the question now is whom shall I vote for next year.

Next year it will be fully as desirable to administer to the free-silver folly and the anarchistic demagogues a crushing defeat as it was three years ago, but can we now vote for a man who is ready to cast to the winds the principles of our government from its beginning; who is ready to break his promises, which were made in such a way as to lead those who did not know him personally to believe that he meant them—to break promises whether made for those at home or to the world at large; and who is ready to ignore the Constitution if it may interfere with his aims? Can we vote for such a man?

The success of Mr. Bryán and *his* party may mean widespread financial disaster, and certainly will mean folly. The success of Mr. McKinley will as certainly mean the endorsement of open wickedness. From financial disaster we can in time recover, and can bear the burden with a clean conscience, but can we ever recover from deliberate moral disaster?

Can you answer our questions? Shall we choose to be foolish or to be wicked?

F. J. Le Moyne.

Chicago, November 24, 1899.

[Some of us who faced a like dilemma in 1896 found a grateful escape in a third ticket. It is easier to predict that the dilemma will recur, personified by the same candidates, than that conscience will find the same relief available. For the present, our advice is—to wait.—Ed. Nation.]

THE IMPORTATION OF GNATS (*CULEX*) INTO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the very interesting article "Impressions of Honolulu," by W. H. D., in the *Nation*, No. 1792, November 2, I find the following passage:

"To cap the climax, the mosquitoes are said to have been imported, and a circumstantial story is told of some Nantucket whaleman who, to revenge himself of some slight, emptied barrels of water from Mexico, containing mosquito-larvæ, into one of the fresh-water basins," etc.

The authentic story of the introduction of mosquitoes into the Sandwich Islands has been told by me in the Trans. Entom. Soc., London, 1884, p. 494, and is curious enough to be reproduced here:

"The following case may be typical of the mode of importation of gnats across the ocean. About 1828-'30 an old ship from Mazatlan, Mexico, was abandoned on the coast of one of the Sandwich Islands. Larvæ of *Culex* were probably imported in the water-tanks upon it. The natives became soon aware of the appearance round that spot of a to them unknown bloodsucking insect; it so far excited their curiosity that they used to congregate in the evening in order to enjoy the novelty. Since then the species spread in different localities, and in some cases became a nuisance.

"This was related to me by Mr. Titian R. Peale, the well-known American entomologist and artist, who visited the Sandwich Islands a few years later with the United States Exploring Expedition under the command of Capt. C. Wilkes (1838-'40). A distinguished American who had spent many years on the islands, and whose acquaintance I made in Washington, confirmed the story to me, and told me that he remembered positively that there were no mosquitoes on the islands about 1823.

"This version is at any rate more probable than another of which I read in the German periodical *Die Natur* (1857, p. 232), that gnats were intentionally imported into those islands by a mischievous sea captain, in vengeance against the inhabitants!"

C. R. Osten Sacken.

Heidelberg, Germany, November 14, 1899.

THE BOSTON SLAVE-BURNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have not seen the communications of A. M. or J. D. B. referred to by J. N. in his letter relating to the negro-burning in Boston in 1681, and perhaps the reference to that event in 'Pillars of Salt' may have been noticed by them. My edition of 'Pillars of Salt' was printed in Boston "by B. Green & J. Allen for Samuel Phillips at the Brick Shop near the Old Meeting-House, 1695," and from it I quote as follows:

"(VI) On Sept. 22. 1681 One *W. C.* was Executed at *Boston*, for a *Rape* committed by him; though he had then a Wife with Child by him, of a Nineteenth or Twentieth Child. . . . When he came to the Gallowes, and saw *Death* (and a Picture of *Hell* too, in a *Negro* then *Burnt* to *Death* at the Stake, for *Burning* his Masters House, with some that were in it,) before his Face, never was a Cry, for, *Time! Time! A World for a Little Time! the Inexpressible worth of Time!* Uttered, with a more unutterable Anguish."

It seems to me that the "Picture of Hell" would have not been very forcible if, as J. N. supposes, the negro was only a dead negro.

X. Y.

Pequot Road, New London.

P. S.—I suppose the 'Pillars of Salt' to be the work of the Rev. Cotton Mather. My copy has the fly-leaf thus inscribed.

Eliphalet Adams,
His Book.
Ex dono Revdi Domi Cottoni Mather.

[We apprehend that the date "1695" should read "1699," which Sibley, in his 'Harvard Graduates,' under Cotton Mather, assigns to the sole copy known to him, in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass. The book consisted of Mather's Boston Lecture of November 17, 1698, when, as he says, "I could not gett unto ye *pulpit* but by climbing over *pues* and *Heads*." The Lecture was repeated in the 'Magnalia,' vi., 37.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Henry Frowde (Oxford: University Press) will shortly reissue in a more popular form William Stebbing's biography of Sir Walter Ralegh; and in January an edition of the Hexateuch in two quarto volumes, the second displaying the text of the Revised Version in a novel manner. The editors are J. Estlin Carpenter and G. Harford-Battersby.

'Side Lights on South Africa' is the title of an opportune book of travel, by Roy Devereux, which Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London, have nearly ready for publication.

The New Amsterdam Book Co. have nearly ready 'The Key to South Africa—Delagoa Bay,' by Montague G. Jessett, F.R.G.S., and 'A History of the Transvaal,' by H. Rider Haggard.

A. C. Armstrong & Son will soon publish 'Studies of the Portrait of Christ,' by Dr. George Matheson.

Harper & Bros. are utilizing their amassed reproductions of the masterpieces of the world's art galleries (collected for use in their periodicals) through the Helman-Taylor Art Co. These will appear in two series, the first measuring 16½x23 inches, and selling at 35 cents apiece, or $2.00 for six; the second, 4x5 inches, at a penny apiece, or 75 cents framed.

The fashion of publishing collections of drawings seems to grow, and we have three such picture-books on our table—'Outdoor Pictures,' by T. De Thulstrup (Frederick A. Stokes Co.); 'Life and Character,' by W. T. Smedley (Harpers); and 'England,' by C. J. Taylor (R. H. Russell). Mr. De Thulstrup's drawings are half in brilliant rather than harmonious color, and half in black and white; Mr. Smedley's are all in black and white and most of them in wash; while Mr. Taylor's are all in pen and ink, and in a very sketchy style. Of the three, Mr. Smedley's collection, with its upright form, cloth covers, and pretence of text, comes the nearest to being a "book." The other two are frankly what the French call "albums."

A picture-book of a more pretentious type, but still a picture-book, is 'British Contemporary Artists,' by Cosmo Monkhouse (Scribners), which is a collection of magazine articles, profusely illustrated, on Watts, Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Orchardson, Alma-Tadema, and Poynter. Without being a great critic, Mr. Monkhouse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a thoughtful and cultivated writer, and of course his text gives the necessary amount of biographical information, while the well-executed illustrations include, besides reproductions of completed pictures, many of those preliminary sketches and studies which often throw so much light on the temper and aims as well as on the methods of an artist.

'Religio Pictoris,' by Helen Bigelow Merriman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a serious effort to evolve a philosophy of life from analogy with the painter's methods in producing the picture; its moral being that the highest efficiency, and hence the greatest happiness, of the part, man, is in its just relation to other parts and its due subordination to the whole, the universe or God. The book is long, repetitious, and confusing, and finally no more convincing than reasoning by analogy generally is—that is, to some minds, not at all.

The author of 'Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters' (Putnams) gives his authority for nothing, so that it is difficult to tell when he is accepting discredited gossip and when he is making incidents out of whole cloth; but his writing has no biographical value whatever, and, to indulge for once in a bull, still less critical value! Even the illustrations are useless, for, through some whim, it has pleased Mr. Elbert Hubbard to reject all the known portraits of Rubens by himself, and to give us as a picture of that artist a head by Franz Hals which bears absolutely no resemblance to the great Fleming. The book is wholly misleading.

That a man who died but the other day should have clearly remembered the Peace Jubilee of 1814, gives us a startling sense of the briefness of time, and the changes that occurred in his life-span witness to the breathless pace of the nineteenth century. Nearly the whole of this century the late John Sartain (1808-1897) saw, and his 'Reminiscences of a Very Old Man' (Appleton) has therefore a very curious interest. As a boy he was assistant to a maker of fireworks who had charge of the "effects" at Covent Garden Theatre, and thus came into contact with many of the actors of the day. Later he became an engraver, and, crossing to America in 1830, knew many of the artists of that period, Inman, Sully, Neagle, and others. Still later, as magazine proprietor, he met many of the earlier literary men of America, and gives us, in especial, a curious glimpse of Poe when suffering from what seems like delirium tremens. His own life was a useful and honorable one, of which his children may well be proud. Mr. Sartain's style is not particularly vivid, and of many of the interesting people he knew he has not much to tell us; but the book is, nevertheless, an entertaining one.

The Scribners have begun to publish a series of Semitic text-books which promise to be of high usefulness. They are intended especially to be serviceable to college and university students, and will act for these as introductions to the different branches of Semitic. Thus, among the titles announced so far are the history and government of the Hebrews, their ethics and religion, the Sumerians, the history of the Babylonians and Assyrians, their religion, their life and customs, early history and religion of Arabia, development of Muslim theology, Arabic literature and science, etc. The general editor is Prof. Craig of the University of Michigan, and one volume by Prof. Sayce has just been published ('Babylonians and Assyrians; Life and Customs'). It is based on an elaborate examination of the contract tablets and letters, and gives a most vivid view of all the phases, public and private, of Babylonian and Assyrian life. That it is somewhat hasty in its statements is only what might be expected from the author. The book would have been very greatly improved by the addition of either an index or a very much fuller table of contents. We wish Prof. Craig all success in his undertaking.

The gorgeous robe which FitzGerald's genius cast around the Rubáíyát of Omar Khayyám is slowly dropping. Perhaps it was necessary that these verses should be picturesquely dealt with, as Galland did with the 'Arabian Nights,' if Western attention was to be caught; but that stage is over, and, whether the Omar clubs will like it or not, the true Omar is being brought to light. Mrs. H. M. Cadell did much for that in her article many years ago in *Fraser's*. And now, after her lamented death, her version of 150 of the Rubáíyát is published with an introduction by Dr. Garnett ('The Ruba'yat of Omar Khayam'; London and New York: John Lane). The introduction we could have done without; a reprint of the *Fraser* article would have been more in place and would have shown us better where Mrs. Cadell stood. Dr. Garnett, too, thinks it necessary to speak somewhat patronizingly of her verse-making powers. We commend the version heartily, and can only regret that Mrs. Cadell did not live to publish it herself. The printing would then have been more careful, and the Persian words would have escaped with their lives.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has published a volume on 'Solomon and Solomonic Literature' (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.) which will not add to his reputation. Its methods are antiquated and out of touch with modern criticism. It may do harm to some half-educated people by confusing their ideas; it cannot be active in any other way.

The *Washington Historian* is the equivocal title of the new organ of the Washington State Historical Society, having reference, therefore, neither to the Father of his Country nor to the national capital. Number 1 bears date of September, and is published at Tacoma, in the ninth year of the Society's existence.

Mr. Edward Wilson James's *Lower Norfolk County Antiquary* enters upon its third volume, and continues to be a model of fidelity to the historical document which it is its sole concern to supply. He pursues in Part i. his valuable lists of owners of slaves and lands, in one of which (Norfolk Co. for 1860) it appears that free blacks, mulattoes, and Indians possessed a total of 8,735 dollars' worth of personal property, and 12,090 dollars' worth of real estate. The inconveniences of a want of money are evidenced in some of the records. A clergyman was invited from New England, in 1656, to be allowed yearly a quantity of corn and 3,395 pounds of tobacco. The tobacco was levied at the rate of 15 pounds per pole. A tanner in his will leaves to each daughter as much pewter as could be purchased with one hogshead of tobacco, and, for the education and maintenance of his son, thirty good tanned hides "to be layd out in the bringing him up to schoole." The story of Grace Sherwood, the Virginia witch, is retold. Mr. James's introduction shows him wise in giving notice that he will not be diverted from his own pleasure by answering, hereafter, any letters on questions about genealogical or historical matters. He knows that his time can be better employed, and he has had experience of the unreasonableness of such requests. This magazine is for sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond, Va.

The principal article in the *Geographical Journal* for November is by Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard, upon the "geographical cycle," or systematic sequence of changes in the surface of the earth. The author advocates a strictly scientific and rational teaching of physical geography. Sir C. Markham outlines the geographical, Mr. J. Y. Buchanan the physical and chemical, work of the projected British and German Antarctic expeditions to sail in August, 1901. The latter makes the striking suggestion, deduced from the magnitude of the glaciers and the continuous fall of ice from their fronts, that their motion may be as rapid "as the stream of a sluggish river." Mr. R. T. Günther gives an interesting account of the exploration of Lake Urmi in Asia Minor, and Mr. O. J. Klotz some notes on Alaskan glaciers, in which he says "that the glaciers eastward of Glacier Bay have all diminished since Vancouver's time, *i. e.*, within the past hundred years"—a fact which would seem to indicate a rise in the average temperature of the area.

The "great impulse given in recent years to the library movement" is well illustrated by the 'Index to the Pictures and Plans of Library Buildings to be found in the Boston Public Library,' just published by that institution in a second edition. It is a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, prepared by Mr. James L. Whitney, acting librarian.

The Superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library has printed a "Graded List of Books for Classroom Libraries in Public Schools" which merits attention. A supplementary list suggests books for reference libraries in public schools.

The monument to Paul Hamilton Hayne, undertaken thirteen years ago by the Hayne Literary Circle of Augusta, Ga., has made no further progress than "money in the bank" drawing a low rate of interest, and inadequate for the work. Those who feel an interest in commemorating this Southern poet are invited to remit any sum, large or small, to Hon. William H. Fleming, Treasurer of the fund, Augusta.

—Under date of November 23, Mr. Ferrell, the Superintendent of Documents, offers the 'Messages of the Presidents' in ten volumes, at $9.00 for the set. This marks one more step in the scandalous abuse (to use no stronger word) of official position. For nearly a year, Congressman James D. Richardson, ex-chairman of the committee on printing, has flooded the cities with his circulars, offering this publication at more than double the price the Public Printer would have charged, and no announcement was made by Mr. Ferrell of his having any copies for sale at cost. In May he issued a list of documents to be had from his office, and the Messages were not included. The conclusion is inevitable that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure or influence was brought to bear to prevent his making any offer to the public until the "Committee on Distribution" had swept the field and sold as many copies as they were able, for the personal profit of Mr. Richardson. That so open and gross a transaction should be permitted at the expense of the public is astonishing. No measure was omitted to push the sale. Now Mr. Ferrell offers the copies which were at his disposal from the beginning, and without a word of explanation.

—The recently published memoir of the late John M. Forbes has illuminated an obscure episode of our civil war, absolutely distorted in the 'Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration' by Mr. L. E. Chittenden, former Register of the Treasury. That this subordinate participant in the transaction by which our Government sought to prevent the Confederacy from obtaining the Laird rams building at Birkenhead in 1863, was mystified by his superior, Secretary Chase, is made plausible by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in a paper just read before that body. It is impossible to condense the story in a note, but what emerges is that the bonds signed at such a physical cost by Mr. Chittenden, to catch a steamer for England, were *not* intended to secure an unmentionable "quiet gentleman" on the other side who volunteered to Mr. C. F. Adams, our Minister, to deposit coin (£1,000,000) that would satisfy the courts in damages if the rams were illegally detained. They were simply the means placed at the disposal of Mr. Forbes and Mr. W. H. Aspinwall to buy the rams if possible. These gentleman went out as the secret agents of Secretaries Chase and Welles, and their mission was in direct contravention of our Minister's vehement denial of "the legality of the construction or sale of such vessels for or to either belligerent." Mr. Adams shows from his father's diary how discreet Messrs. Forbes and Aspinwall were in concealing from him the embarrassing knowledge of their (finally ineffectual) endeavors. He also, and it is the main historic interest of his paper, shows "the United States, in the most serious complications, . . . represented in London by at least three different agencies, drawing their instructions from separate sources, and each operating in secrecy so far as the others were concerned." That our Minister chafed under this extraordinary state of things appears from his diary; but with Thurlow Weed, "a roving diplomat," he contracted "relations of a most friendly character." Mr. Adams's very readable paper will be printed in the forthcoming volume of the Historical Society's Proceedings.

—There died on November 24 at Leicester, Mass., his home for more than two generations of men, the Rev. Samuel May, in the ninetieth year of his age. If not the dean of surviving abolitionists, he was the last of that remarkable group of Bostonians who directed the moral propaganda against slavery. His elder cousins, Samuel J. May and Samuel E. Sewall, came earlier to the cause and were more important to it in the day of small things; but it would be hard to overrate his services as General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society from 1847 to the close of the civil war. His relations to the lecturers in the field, the arranging for anniversary and other meetings, the provision of ways and means, demanded the scrupulous business methods, the tact and courtesy which unfailingly distinguished him. He sought neither an adequate pecuniary return nor public notoriety. He fulfilled his task with absolute modesty and self-abnegation. A graduate of Harvard College in the eminent class of 1829, and of the Divinity School in 1833, he withdrew from his Unitarian charge at Leicester to share the opprobrium of the true patriots of his day, intent on ridding the republic of the curse and shame of slavery. He outlived the coolness of his parishioners and townsmen because of his reformatory convictions, and was foremost among them in all good works of charity and enlightenment. His intimate fellowship with Mr. Garrison discovered no flaw in a character which, as Wendell Phillips said, had been searched with candles by his enemies. On the voluntary termination of the *Liberator* in 1865 and of its editor's sole means of support, Mr. May undertook the raising of a national testimonial which insured Mr. Garrison's latter years against care and want. It may truly be said that this disinterested act of friendship on the part of so fine a nature as Mr. May's was itself a high tribute to the moral worth of his leader. With growing infirmity, Mr. May attained his great age with undimmed faculties and unabated interest in all that makes for righteousness.

—Readers of Edward FitzGerald, who are by no means, more's the pity, coextensive with admirers of his 'Rubáiyát,' know the estimate he put upon Crabbe's poetry and of his attempt to foster its survival. Taking the 'Tales of the Hall,' he abridged the narratives according to his own taste, filling the longer gaps with his own prose summary. He recommended to his literary executor a continuance of this selection, but it was left to Mr. Bernard Holland to act upon the suggestion. He has just published, through Edward Arnold, London, 'The Poems of George Crabbe: A Selection,' a very handsome volume with good old-fashioned steel engravings. Mr. Holland's preface modestly conveys in a few words the necessary information about Crabbe's uneventful life, and shows that the present editor, while following in the main FitzGerald's condensations and rearrangements when covering the same ground, has discarded the connecting links in prose. Altogether, he has undoubtedly satisfied the majority of the curious, who will perhaps not feel it incumbent on them to make Crabbe's further acquaintance at his original length. Much is given to exhibit Crabbe's minute observation, his sober and often sombre picture of human existence in his time, his humane feeling for the forlorn, that intimate knowledge and graphic portrayal of Suffolk and the sea which must have counted for much in FitzGerald's liking for him, and those occasional flashes of high poetic expression which relieve the monotony of the heroic couplet employed in narration. Mr. Holland's volume is much to be commended. It confirms Dr. Hermann Pesta's comment on the fact that Crabbe still reappears in anthologies and in new editions, that his influence is a lasting one for good in English literature. We refer to the brochure, 'George Crabbe: Eine Würdigung seiner Werke' (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller), one of the Vienna "Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie" edited by Schipper. It is a respectable performance, but devoid of any literary or critical flavor, and has no reference whatever to FitzGerald's homage to "one of [his] Apollos."

—Early in January of this year, as our readers may remember, a framed pavement of dark-colored marble, about 160 square feet in area, was discovered in Rome, not far from the arch of Septimius Severus. Signor Giacomo Boni almost immediately suggested the theory that this was the hitherto undiscovered "lapis niger" mentioned by Festus; on whose authority, supported by a passage from Varro, he christened it "the tomb of Romulus," though Festus himself points out that Romulus was not buried there. This discovery was immediately seen to be highly important. Whereas the ancient streets and squares of many Italian cities had been laid bare, there had nowhere, according to Signor Lanciani, been found a piece of black pavement. The same authority recalled the fact that the "fire of Carinus" in A. D. 283 was so intense that even the tufa pavement of the Forum had to be renovated, and that the present pavement must therefore be a restoration—by Diocletian or Maxentius—and not the original. To this we may add that, whether the marble be from Tænarus, as was at first believed, or from further Gaul, it proves a much later date than that of Romulus, for which time the importation of foreign marbles is not supposable. Signor Lanciani justly argued that the restoration of this pavement while other monuments destroyed by the same fire were not restored, proved it to have been regarded as something uncommonly sacred. While the pavement could not be anybody's tomb, it might probably cover something at least equally sacred, and this was suspected to be the "tomb of Romulus"—or of Faustulus Now, Dionysius of Halicarnassus reports a tradition that a stone lion once reposed above the body of Faustulus. Acro speaks of two lions; and further excavations have actually revealed two bases six feet by three, said to be of Etruscan workmanship, on which two lions may have stood. No lions have been found, and we believe that none will be found; for both Acro's *erectos fuisse* and Dionysius's ἔκειτο seem to us to imply that they were not there even in Varro's day. They may have been destroyed as early as B. C. 389, when the Gauls took and, in great part, burned the city.

—The discoveries had reached this point when there came to light a cippus or stele in the shape of a truncated pyramid bearing an inscription in archaic Latin engraved in characters said clearly to resemble those used in the coast country of Etruria. This inscription is engraved "boustrophedon," *i. e.*, with the lines running alternately from left to right and from right to left. One word was made out to be *calato*, which might well be from the verb *calare*, a word used of proclaiming religious festivals, and from which our word "calendar" is ultimately derived. This was enough to suggest that the inscription was of ritual import, and the Etruscan character of the lettering is invoked as new evidence in favor of the theory that Rome got her religious institutions from Etruria. Believers accordingly set the date of this cippus as far back as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the seventh century B. C., but sceptics are disposed to take off at least 200 years from this computation. No one, thus far, has, to our knowledge, shown any tangible connection between it and the "tomb of Romulus"; but, evidently, if the cippus can be referred to the reign of Numa Pompilius (716-672), who is believed to have settled the forms of early Roman worship, or even to that of Tarquinius Priscus (621-578), who was born in Etruria and whose wife was an Etruscan; and if it should also turn out that the inscription is really an important document from the point of view of the ancient religion and ritual of Rome, it will be evidence *pro tanto* of Etruscan influence in such matters. Yet another point may be made clearer by it. It has been generally believed that Rome received the art of writing from some one of the Greek cities of Italy—presumably Cumæ. It is now suggested that the type of alphabet used in this inscription may show that the art of writing was not received directly from Greek sources, but indirectly from Etruria.

—The Dante Alighieri Society, whose object is the refinement of the Italian language and the maintenance of its usage among the natives of Italy in foreign lands, has now concluded, at Messina, its tenth general assembly, composed of representatives from the Society's many branches scattered throughout all Italy. The occasion, characterized by much enthusiasm, has been one of special interest, and, by the reports of the various members present, has proved the purpose of the Society to be a very real and earnest one. At this meeting Prof. Battignani testified to the persevering loyalty of the Italians in Tunis to the mother-country, despite advantages offered for the transference of their affection to the country of their adoption. Piero Barbèra described the continued patriotism of the Italians of the Argentine Republic; and Prof. Platania painted, in glowing colors, the struggle made by the Maltese Italians for the preservation of their native tongue against the adverse efforts of the English Government. Prominent among the speakers at this Assembly was the Society's President, the eminent Pasquale Villari. Prof. Passerini announces the discovery, in the archives of Ravenna, of a document giving irrefutable proof of the truth of the much disputed statement that Dante had a daughter, named Beatrice, who died a nun in the Convent of Santo Stefano degli Olivi at Ravenna. The document is dated September 20, 1371, and is the record of the legal transference to the convent of three gold ducats, the worldly possessions left by Beatrice Alighieri at the time of her death.

HISTORICAL FICTION.

Janice Meredith: A Story of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A Lost Lady of Old Years. By John Buchan. John Lane (The Bodley Head).

Rupert by the Grace of God—. By Dora G. McChesney. Macmillan.

The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Watchers. By A. E. W. Mason. F. A. Stokes Co.

Active Service. By Stephen Crane. F. A. Stokes Co.

Poor historical romance is the easiest sort of romance to write and the hardest to read, while with the good thing it is all the other way. First-rate historical romance is rare indeed, because it demands for its creation a very brilliant imagination, a certainty about the difference between wheat and chaff, and a faculty for that persistent study which so soaks the student with knowledge of his period that he uses it freely as a natural, not an acquired grace. So unusual is this particular combination of faculties that no writer of historical fiction in English has shown it conspicuously and abundantly except Sir Walter Scott, and even his expression of it sometimes fell short of perfection. Though 'Esmond' rivals 'Ivanhoe,' Thackeray is not just as free, as far away from the lamp, as his romantic predecessor; there is less assurance that he got his story, as children say, all out of his own head—which is the highest tribute to a story-teller. Historical romance has come again into fashion, volubly and profusely, and we are encouraged in dreary wanderings among ash-heaps very cold and dead by the expectation of meeting the Phœnix at any moment.

Acquaintance with Mr. Paul Ford's work, both in history and fiction, gives assurance that his story of the American Revolution, entitled 'Janice Meredith,' will be worth reading, and suggests a possibility of extraordinary merit. It is very soon clear that his plan is extensive, and, for that reason, more ambitious than wise. Historically, he covers agitations in New Jersey preceding the shock of arms in Massachusetts; rather particularly follows Washington's movements from the Morris House on Haarlem Heights in '76 to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in '81. He discusses in some detail the political intrigues which constantly embarrassed the commander-in-chief, the jealousy and insubordination of Gen. Lee, and the vacillation of the people, which, more than political juggling, more than personal enmity, depressed Washington, as it would have embittered a less tolerant man and broken a weaker one.

Mr. Ford, we think, has too recklessly scattered his forces—dangerous tactics in fiction as in war. With the addition of the fictitious persons and events to the historical, he loses control, cannot mass or concentrate, and runs about in bewildering fashion attending to the destiny of rather insignificant detachments. Washington is the great historical figure, and Mr. Ford has done well with the idol, emphasizing neither the halo nor the feet of clay. The hero of the romance first appears as Charles Fownes, bond-servant of Mr. Lambert Meredith, Squire of Greenwood, near Brunswick, New Jersey. The mysterious Fownes joins the Continental army, and, under the name of John Brereton, rises rapidly, becoming one of Washington's aides. As bond-servant, he has loved his master's daughter, Janice, and, through all the vicissitudes of war, he continues to keep his eye on her, to meet her, to rescue her. Nobody ever needed so much rescuing, from war's perils, from undesirable lovers, from disease and famine, and unruly mobs. Most of the time the faithful lover knows that Janice is indifferent to him and that her father scorns him as Fownes the menial, and detests him as Brereton the rebel. Yet he keeps on being faithful, even to the point of risking military degradation to save the life of the scornful Squire, and thus avert from Janice a tragic sorrow. Brereton is very clearly imagined. His character is naturally affected by certain unhappy circumstances, and he preserves an individuality distinguishing him from any other gentleman adventurer. It is a matter of common knowledge that the best men sometimes break their hearts or necks for the sake of women well described as trifling creatures. Janice Meredith is a trifling creature, and that charm which may excuse light-mindedness and even graver faults is not vividly present. The lady is a trimmer, both in politics and in love; a fair woman also, without discretion. When Washington flatters her, she will die for the country; when British warriors court her, she is fervent for the King. No doubt Mr. Ford meant to draw woman ever variable and irresistible. We have no trouble at all in resisting Janice. We know that an up-to-date girl resembling Janice is not a person to desire or admire, and we are not made to feel that she was a nice girl of her century.

There is a great deal in the book that we are not made to feel, and that is because of a weakness of imagination which is, on the whole, its most evident defect. It is too long and too complicated for the author's power of infusing warmth and color; and it is probable, too, that his natural style is for this purpose a restriction. To revive the past sympathetically, all the passion and poetry and glow that a phrase can hold is needed, and that sort of thing comes not readily to one whose instinctive style is unadorned, almost business-like. Nevertheless, Mr. Ford's romance is far above the average of its species, and in spirit it is admirable. Without shouting his patriotism, and with due recognition of the nobility of some Britishers and the shadiness of some patriots, the author is always an American very heartily on his own side. A romance-writer who uses heroic episodes of his nation's history to criticise, or satirize, or belittle, is a belated traitor who can't be hanged, but whose book might be burned, and he thus exposed to obloquy for having stabbed one of those traditions which help to make a people strong. Mr. Ford is not in the least that sort of person.

In historical romance two innocent common words take on a sacred significance, generally an ominous one, too—"the Cause." No sooner spoken than we know how and where the tide of sympathy is expected to flow, and to say "the lost Cause" seems superfluous and tautological. If the scene is in the Scotch Highlands, there is never a moment of doubt; so any one who dislikes white cockades and will not weep for Prince Charlie may close the book. Mr. Francis Birkenshaw, whose adventures are narrated in 'A Lost Lady of Old Years,' becomes involved in the Cause, not for its own sake, but to do the will of one of those great ladies who to many gentlemen represented the Cause, the Prince, the King. The lady, Mrs. Murray of Brougham, does not, in the line which makes the title of this story, suggest to us that enigmatic vision projected by Browning into the poem "Waring." The temper to horsewhip a man supposed to be guilty of treachery is not the temper of one "accustomed to refusings." But she has the right kind of spirit, and the strength of will to control a vain, dissolute, reckless youth like Birkenshaw, and enough

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goodness to lead him to develop independent strength and virtue. Birkenshaw's character is more interesting and uncommon than are his adventures. The wastes of heather and mists and mountains may have been provided by nature for the convenience of fugitives and emissaries, for pursuits and hidings, but the romance-writers since Stevenson have surely abused such beneficent foresight. The most vivid figure in the tale is, however, neither Birkenshaw nor Mrs. Murray, but Simon, chief of the Frasers and Lord of Lovat. The crafty, vain, vigorous old Highland lord lives in the page, and the rest of the book seems but a frame for his portrait. His equivocal attitude towards the Cause (though the Clan went out), his arrest, trial, and execution, are matters of history. Mr. Buchan gives these events all their dramatic worth, much heightened by his sympathetic interpretation of a character always open to difference of opinion. It is true that he calls Lovat a traitor, but when, at the trial, the old man is confronted with his chief accuser, John Murray of Broughton, one perceives that Mr. Buchan makes distinction between a traitor to the reigning king and a traitor to the Cause.

The cause for which Rupert, Prince Palatine, fought so well and thanklessly has furnished material for innumerable romances, but we recall none in which the Prince has been so vividly and probably characterized as in 'Rupert by the Grace of God—.' A great deal of study of campaigns, sieges, battles, and contemporary manners has gone into the making of the book, all loosely and by devious ways leading to a plot to dethrone King Charles and put his nephew in his place. A Bohemian astrologer (guiding his conduct by his Prince's horoscope) is the life of the plot, and he involves Will Fortescue, narrator of the tale, a young soldier, who permits his love for Rupert to overpower his loyalty. On the revelation of the conspiracy, Rupert's attitude is finely taken. He shows the wrath of an impetuous and loyal soldier, the dignity proper to a prince, and the sentiment of a true man deeply misunderstood by those whom he has implicitly trusted. This attitude is well sustained, without any theatrical pose, through a series of disasters for which the Prince was not responsible, though obliged to bear the blame. A large part of the book is uncertain in construction, but towards the end the interest concentrates, and there are passages exceptionally good, with spirited action and natural expression of that rare capacity for sacrifice which urges a man to lay down his life for his friend. The want of technical skill is, indeed, the only serious blemish, and by young readers, to whom the tale most directly appeals, incidental excitements and mysteries will probably be as much relished as if they were indispensable.

The historical episodes in 'The Garden of Swords' may still be considered modern. The Franco-Prussian war was a political war, and perhaps, besides, an explosion of race antagonism. Outside of Alsace and Lorraine no deep sentiment fired the people, and therefore, it may be, romancers are obliged to do without the mystery and enchantment of "the Cause." At all events, they never speak the words. The tale is told in a very good modern way, running along swiftly from the rout of Wörth to the stubborn defence of Strasbourg. The author twists the threads of love and war, and passes from grave to gay, with a dexterity and agility which keep up an agitation of interest, yet cannot be said to stir profound emotion. Everywhere is the trace of the facile hand turning out work pleasant to read and easy to forget. Only one scene arrests attention—that in which Captain Lefort surprises his wife with his view (every Frenchman's view) of her concern for the life of her English friend, Brandon North. Here there is understanding and a forcible illustration of feeling that few Englishwomen ever grasp and none can tolerate. The resentment of Lefort's half-English wife may have been cooled by tardy repentance and opportune death; but her most enduring memory would be of the hour when she had understood his gross interpretation of her conduct and felt an intimation of hopeless estrangement.

By the light of our century's progress in scientific knowledge the mystery of 'The Watchers' is too easily dispelled. Some manifestations of the phenomena of mesmerism and hypnotism are now so commonly known that, from the first intimation of their appearance, one jumps to a conclusion. Therefore the trances and other strange appearances which puzzled and terrified certain persons dwelling at Tresco in the Scilly Islands during the year 1758 do not cause us a moment's anxiety. This is not to say that the story is without interest, for that is well sustained by adventure and characterization, independent of mystery. The author's style is extremely pleasing, and, without recourse to antiquated construction or expression, he reproduces an eighteenth-century literary manner, on the whole, very happily. The very first scene is quite perfect of its kind, vivid and dramatic as well. Incidentally, the game of golf, played in Lieut. Clutterbuck's chambers by Mr. Macfarlane, a young gentleman of a Scottish regiment, adds to the chapter a special modern interest. Mr. Macfarlane, says the narrator, ignorant of the game, but unable to maintain indifference, "carried the firearms and Lieut. Clutterbuck's sword under his arm, and walked solidly about the floor after a little paper ball, rolled up out of a news sheet, which he hit with one of these instruments, selecting now the poker, now the tongs or the sword, with great deliberation, and explaining his selection with even greater earnestness."

The scene of Mr. Crane's 'Active Service' is laid in Greece during the recent war with Turkey. The events narrated will never be embalmed in serious history, and perhaps the day may come in America when men resembling Mr. Rufus Coleman will be so rare that Mr. Crane's realistic portrait can be considered a caricature. That Mr. Coleman should edit the Sunday edition of the New York *Eclipse* seems probable, and that the *Eclipse* should be edited by Mr. Coleman is perfect. Whether Prof. Wainwright declined for his daughter an alliance with Coleman because of himself or because of his vocation, makes no difference. No stern parent was ever more gloriously justified of his sternness. The Professor's device of carrying his daughter off to Greece with his archæological students was an excellent one for starting a story of adventure, but pitiably simple as a means of eluding Coleman. That he would follow them; that he would mix himself in their affairs; that he would prove their stay and comfort in a foreign land—no other conduct could be possible for a Coleman who was also the editor of the Sunday *Eclipse*. No matter how independently the chief characters in a tale may be drawn, the author is generally betrayed by some trick of the brain into expressing his private opinion of them. Mr. Crane's portrait of Coleman is clever and remorselessly truthful, but we should have more confidence in his ideals if he admired Coleman less. We feel that the author may actually have edited the Sunday *Eclipse*, and that, mentally and morally, the standards demanded by that position are very closely his own. This is a pity, because Mr. Crane has a pronounced talent for writing modern fiction. He has great force, and his work is thoroughly alive. He is humorous, and has a strong sense for comedy both in situation and in character. The commoner qualities of quick observation and ingenuity are conspicuously his, and his command of the vernacular of the streets is fluent. Whether he can distinguish between the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of a hoodlum is, however, the only burning question suggested by 'Active Service.'

Nooks and Corners of Old New York. By Charles Hemstreet. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

The shape of Manhattan Island—a long, narrow parallelogram framed between deep tideways—determined the northward drift of its early population. That cross-current which in most of the world's great cities has, from some unexplained cause, swept the movement of life from the east westward, also directed the course, and partly the character, of its habitations. Into the débris and fragments of every kind deposited by this tide of human existence during three centuries, our author delves assiduously and quite promiscuously. The honor he pays to historical monuments is shared by old oddities. A bit of ruined wall, a dark crypt, an ill-famed alley, a buried lane, a deserted churchyard corner, a dried-up well or pond—all are touched with the glamour of the past, and rescued from the obscurity into which they are rotting in the nooks and corners of the older town.

The restless people drove onward as if goaded by instinct. Adrian Block, the first Dutch builder on the island, and also the first shipwright of its waters, not inaptly named his vessel the *Unrest*. For a century, mere movement stood for improvement, the dwellers of houses first yielding to the driving impulse. From the huts built by Block in 1613 to our day of palaces overlooking parks, our author records many curious phases and rescues many strange relics of these migrations. Places of resort and amusement followed in change the advancing crowds. The flitting abodes, in their growth from old to new, of nine markets, ten hotels, and eighteen theatres find in the writer a minute collector of dates and illustrative drawings.

The more solid structures of churches were slow to join in the flight of their retreating congregations, some of them preferring colonization to migration, and refusing to quit their first homes. The primal church was that built within the enclosure of Fort Amsterdam in 1626. About forty years later, Stuyvesant built at his Bouwe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rie Village a chapel which has grown into St. Mark's. There was a Trinity Lutheran church on the south side of Rector Street in 1671, and twelve years later a French Huguenot church on Petticoat Lane denoted the growth of that strong and important element among the new settlers. Old Trinity was built in 1697. Of the thirty-five churches whose history the author recounts, two or three only hold their ancient site of two hundred years ago, and none stands on its ancient foundation.

The dwellers in these shifting homes surely found repose in the narrow house appointed for all? Not so. The doom of unrest foretold by Block pursued them even to the grave. The first graveyard of the city, situated on Beaver Lane, now Morris Street, was removed in 1676, the ground sold at auction, and the new plot was shared with Trinity until the law forbade burial within the city. Churchyard after churchyard unsealed its vaults on the removal of the church owning each, and even in our day this disturbance of the last rest from time to time occurs. A crumbling stone-mound, a plot of rank grass, or an iron gate for ever barred, piercing a low wall never scaled, marks many of these spots, and many deserted cemeteries exist up town, where the ancient tenants sleep, surrounded by high buildings and unsuspected by the crowds that pass them. The churchyards of Trinity and St. Mark's remain unchanged, and furnish the author with interesting subjects in their monuments and inscriptions. Though open to the sunlight, they are still nooks and corners for the throngs surging past them hourly, to whom the hour is everything and the past is nought.

A finer sense of the worth of life, though extinct, inspires the many patriotic societies which prove their tender care for the past by fixing memorial tablets of bronze upon spots noted in the city's historic or domestic annals. About a score of these are already placed, indicating the sites of ancient buildings or the scenes of early Revolutionary conflicts. These pages suggest fit occasions for many others. Uncertainty as to the exact site of the Dutch Stadt Huys, or first City Hall, has led to the placing of two tablets. The first of these, fixed by the Holland Society in 1890, is at No. 73 Pearl Street. A second was placed seven years later, on authority which seems doubtful, at the corner of Stone and Pearl Streets, and decorated with an inscription bearing a fantastic signature which is neither Dutch nor English.

The eastern side of the old city is richer in the deposit of quaint relics than the western one. Growth along the Hudson River was much retarded by the interposition between the present Charlton and Rector Streets of the King's Farm, granted in 1705 by Queen Anne to the corporation of Trinity Church. Held in mortmain by this ecclesiastical body, which would part with it only on long leases, unwelcome to the free burghers, it remained for many years a clog upon the city's advance in that quarter, and it was not until the beginning of this century that streets between Warren and Canal were laid out. In contrast to this delay, a sudden and sinister impulse startled the town to a northward flight into this quarter, in terror of the yellow fever in 1822. Greenwich village had then grown from an old Indian settlement about Gansevoort Street into a straggling suburb, when the fugitives, to the number, it is said, of twenty thousand, rushed into it. It sprang at once into a small city. Banks, public offices, stores of every sort, were hurriedly opened, and whole blocks of buildings rapidly put up. The streets and lanes then irregularly laid out account for the tangle of nooks and corners now marked in this quarter on the city maps.

These phantoms evoked from the past, in a group of nearly five hundred, present themselves under no finished description and are touched by no graces of style. They are the dry bones and memoranda of history, requiring only accurate identification. And this the author seems to have gained by painstaking labor, barring a few minor slips, as, for instance, in assigning to Daniel Drew an earlier share than he really took in the affairs of the Erie Railroad, and in interposing an interval of six years between the building and the opening of the Astor House. A graver error is that which ranks Jacob Leisler among the martyrs to liberty. It is true that Leisler was not a mere demagogue, and that he deserves the credit of suggesting the first Congress of the colonies. But, from the latest researches into the chaotic politics of his time, he emerges in the figure of a narrow fanatic, inflaming for the sake of his own ambition the popular alarms which he shared, and provoking, though not justifying, by his cruelties the vengeance wreaked by his victims after his downfall.

The book is admirably printed, and completed by a full and clear index. It adds another to the many recent publications denoting a recrudescence of the interest taken by New Yorkers in the story of the early settlers upon their island. The brilliant generalizations and the picturesque lights and shadows of colonial life traced by the keen perception of Mr. Fiske supplement the more modest and diffused annals presented by Mrs. Lamb. And while Mrs. Van Rensselaer portrays with genial insight the domestic ways of our Dutch ancestors, and perpetuates their genealogies, this volume searches out and stamps anew their very footprints in the places where they moved and had their being. All alike illustrate the truth that the branch of the Dutch race on this side the ocean has achieved its greatness by understanding and accepting the spirit of the age, yielding to its stress, assimilating its new elements, striving towards its wider horizons. On another continent another branch of the same race is expiating in bloodshed its obstinate honest resistance to that spirit, through blindness to the inexorable law that governs the survival of the fittest among nations.

Life of Charles Henry Davis, Rear Admiral. 1807-1877. By Capt. Charles H. Davis, U. S. N. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

The author of this biography, who is the son of Rear-Admiral Davis, gives as a reason for publication the sufficient one of the interest which, in these days, still attaches to the period of the civil war, and also offers it as a contribution to the naval history of that struggle, not yet properly written, by the presentation of the life of an officer who not only rose to immediate distinction in the administrative and military operations of the war, but who commanded in chief in the only general and exclusively naval engagements fought during the conflict.

Admiral Charles Henry Davis was born in Boston, of pure New England parentage, in 1807, and, entering Harvard College in 1821, remained through the freshman and sophomore years before entering the navy at the rather late age, at that time, of sixteen. In those days, before the establishment of the Naval Academy, the midshipman, when appointed, went directly to sea, acquiring his professional education as best he might in the practical school of service afloat. The necessities of naval education were certainly much less complex in those days, and the incentive of a severe final examination brought the diligent and capable midshipman with aptitude for the service up to a high degree of efficiency and preparation. At present those who excel number probably as many as in times past, while there is no doubt as to the higher general average of the officers in the service, who are weeded out before graduation from the Naval Academy, instead of after a career of greater or less duration in the servicce.

The first sea service of the young midshipman was in the frigate *United States* on the Pacific station; he was, however, soon transferred to the schooner *Dolphin*, then commanded by Lieut. John Percival, one of the strong but eccentric individualities of the time, and known to the service as Mad Jack Percival. The cruise which followed after Davis joined was made in search of the mutineers of the whale-ship *Globe* of Nantucket, who, after murdering their officers, took refuge in the Mulgrave Islands, from which place the ship, with a few members of the crew, had escaped and finally reached Valparaiso. This cruise, an account of which was afterwards printed by the late Admiral Paulding, proved both interesting and exciting, and gave young Davis a schooling in self-reliance which he never forgot. From this time he served almost continuously for a period of seventeen years at sea, after which, as a Lieutenant, he took up his residence at Cambridge, Mass., and resumed his mathematical studies under Prof. Benjamin Peirce—afterwards his brother-in-law—and took his degree at Harvard.

In April, 1842, he was appointed an assistant in the Coast Survey, and from that time for fifteen years he had very little connection with the active duties of the naval service. For seven years, 1842-1849, he was almost constantly employed in the Coast Survey, and acquired a high reputation while thus employed, especially in connection with his research and investigation of the coast and harbor tides. As a hydrographic surveyor, his work, in connection with the survey of Nantucket Shoals, brought him much distinction. It is only of late that his discovery of the New South Shoals has ceased to be linked with his name in the nomenclature of our coast. In 1854 he was made a Commander, and in 1856 he returned to active sea duty, in command of the sloop-of-war *St. Mary's*, in the Pacific, where he received the surrender of the filibuster Walker and his party on the coast of Central America. Returning from the Pacific in 1859, he resumed his former position as head of the Office of the Nautical Almanac, practically created by him in years gone by, when it was determined to untie ourselves from our mother's apron-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

string and publish a better almanac than that of Great Britain.

At the outbreak of the civil war, Davis was summoned to Washington and employed upon various important and confidential duties incidental to the early days of that struggle. In September, 1861, he was appointed Fleet-Captain of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, under Flag-Officer Du Pont. The expedition under Du Pont sailed from Hampton Roads late in October, and upon the 7th of November the successful attack upon the forts at Port Royal followed, the plan for which was largely due to Davis. For his services he received the warmest praise from his commander-in-chief. As to this affair it may not be out of place to quote the generous words in after years of Admiral Porter, who says: "It was not so momentous an affair as the battles of New Orleans, Mobile, or Fort Fisher; but it was of greater importance to the country, for it was a gleam of sunshine bursting through the dark clouds which enveloped the Union horizon."

On the 9th of May, 1862, Davis, then a Captain, relieved Flag-Officer Foote from the active command of the Mississippi flotilla off Fort Pillow, and the next day repulsed an attack made by the Confederate gunboats at that place. On the 6th of the following month another engagement took place, this time at Memphis, which resulted in the surrender of the city, the destruction of the enemy's fleet as an organized force, and the freeing of the Mississippi from Cairo to Vicksburg for the Union vessels. For these actions Davis received the thanks of Congress and his promotion afterwards to Rear-Admiral. He was relieved in the autumn by Admiral Porter and recalled to Washington as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and thus his active service during the war closed.

Davis's career after the close of the war was principally linked with professional pursuits of a scientific nature, with the exception of his cruise as commander-in-chief on the Brazil station, which included an unpleasant affair with ex-Minister Washburn, of little credit to the ex-Minister or to the committee of Congress engaged in investigating it. Davis was concerned in the formation of the National Academy of Sciences, the soul of which was generally considered, and rightly, too, to be Prof. Bache. After his return from Brazil, Davis was in command of the navy-yard at Norfolk, Va., finally returning for the second time to the Superintendency of the Naval Observatory at Washington, where he died on the 18th of February, 1877. Admiral Davis was honored by Harvard University with the degree of LL.D. during the later years of his life, and, since his death, his career has been commemorated in Memorial Hall as the oldest representative of the University and the senior in rank in active service during the civil war.

Of this officer and gentleman (in the phraseology of the articles of war) it may be said that he combined professional attainments and practical skill of a high order with extensive scientific knowledge, to which also was added the cultivation of high standards and kindly courtesy characteristic of those officers of the old navy who were classed as of the Du Pont school.

The Commune of London, and Other Studies. By J. H. Round. London: Constable & Co.

This volume of rather miscellaneous papers is hardly so substantial as those two earlier books of Mr. Round, the 'Geoffrey de Mandeville' and the 'Feudal England,' by which he put all students of mediæval English institutions under such heavy obligations. But it contains at least two contributions of signal interest. One is the paper on the Commune of London, which gives the volume its title. As every one who has paid any attention to the subject is aware, two of the chronicles of the reign of Richard tell us in almost identical terms that in 1191 the government of the day granted to the citizens of London their *communa*. What this may mean has hitherto been a matter of conjecture. If we turn to the cautious pages of Dr. Stubbs, we find, on the one side, that "the victory of the communal principle" meant "the establishment of the corporate character of the city under a mayor." But, on the other hand, we are told that it merely "gave completeness to a municipal constitution which had long been struggling for recognition." We are warned against the temptation to suppose that "commune" could mean in England just what it meant in France: "The French charters are in both style and substance very different from the English." "The English have an ancient local constitution," while "the French *communia*" is that most abhorrent of things to most English constitutional historians, "a new thing." Indeed, but for the fact that a Mayor of London makes his appearance in 1193, and the further fact that abroad "commune" and "mayor" went together, we might feel inclined to regard the episode as scarcely creating a ripple on the smooth current of native development. But now comes Mr. Round with the actual text of the oath sworn to their commune by the Londoners of 1191. How he chanced upon it he does not tell us, but its authenticity seems to be beyond question. And here we find a promise of obedience, not only to the Mayor, but also to the "skivins" or "échevins"—officers never before suspected in London, but markedly characteristic of the "communal" organization of Rouen and other towns of northern France. Moreover, the oath of 1191 goes on to promise to keep the counsel of "the Mayor, the échevins, and the other *probi homines* who shall be with them." And when Mr. Round next produces from the year 1205 the "oath of the Twenty-Four," and shows that it was identical in its main features with the oath of "the Twenty-Four" of Rouen, he has established a high probability that the London Commune of 1191 was simply modelled on that of the Norman capital. At Rouen "the Twenty-Four" were divided into two bodies of a dozen each, known respectively as the Échevins and the Councillors *(Consultores)*; and the obvious presumption is that the échevins and the *probi homines* associated with them in London formed a similar body of Twenty-Four, similarly divided. And not only did London obtain "a fully developed commune of the Continental pattern," but, as Mr. Round also shows from the Pipe Rolls, the same year 1191 saw a reduction of the *ferm* of London from £500 to £300. Evidently much more happened than the mere introduction of a new name for old liberties. It will be the task of future historians of London to determine how far the institutions of 1191 survived in the later civic organization.

The other paper of special importance is the first in the book, that entitled "The Settlement of the South- and East-Saxons." Mr. Round describes it as merely "a pioneer paper," intended to point the way to a more systematic and critical study of English place-names. But it contains observations which ought certainly to arrest attention. In all the discussion which has raged around the English "village-community" and manor, no doubt has ever been cast on the assertion of Kemble that *ing* in English place-names had a "patronymic" significance. Even the bold Mr. Seebohm accepted this as generally true. Disinclined to accept Mr. Kemble's view that the patronymic involved a "clan" and a "mark-community of kinsfolk," Mr. Seebohm was reduced to the conjecture that it indicated a "tribal household" with a dependent group of servile cultivators. There was such a complete absence of evidence for such a contention that most readers were naturally inclined to abide by the simpler view of Kemble and Green and Dr. Stubbs, and to believe, in the words of the last named, that "all the primitive villages in whose name the patronymic *ing* occurs, were originally colonized by communities united either really by blood or by the belief in a common descent." They will hardly feel so sure of this when they have read Mr. Round's paper.

To begin with—Mr. Round will permit us somewhat to rearrange his argument—they will learn that the long and impressive lists, in Kemble's well-known Appendix A, of "Marks inferred from local names" are "merely a pitfall for the unwary." It has always been known that in some cases *ing* is a later modification, for euphony's sake, of some earlier and quite unpatronymic termination. But Mr. Round points out that misleading *ings* of this kind are much more prevalent than has been supposed. A mere reference to Domesday shows that in some instances the supposed clan name is nothing more nor less than a corruption of the name of an individual owner. How large a number of genuine *ings* are left on our hands, Mr. Round has not yet ascertained; doubtless there are a good many. But now comes this further consideration. If we are going to collect *ings*, we must not stop at villages; we must put together all the place-names containing *ing* to be found scattered over the country. And when we begin to do this, we find that the suffix frequently occurs in the names of farm-houses which are now and apparently always have been quite isolated. *Ing* may have something patronymic about it, but evidently from that syllable alone we cannot deduce a clan settlement. Let us give Mr. Round's tentative conclusion in his own words:

"Here, then, is the value of these cases of what we may term arrested development: they warn us against the rashness of assuming that a modern or even a mediæval village has been a village from the first. The village community may be so far from representing the original settlement as to have been, on the contrary, developed from what was at first but a farmstead. The whole argument of such scholars as Prof. Earle here and Dr. Andrews in America is based on the assumption that the land was settled by communities, each of them sufficiently large to have a head, whether civil or military. To that supposition such names as I have mentioned are, I think, fatal."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Landmarks in English Industrial History. By George Townsend Warner. Macmillan. 1899.

This is a very successful attempt to depict the course of industrial life in the past. No attempt is made to adhere strictly to the chronological order of events, nor even to trace fully the development and decay of institutions. There are certain periods, however, when marked changes take place in the direction of trade, or the character of agriculture, and the customs and institutions of these periods are properly called landmarks. Mr. Warner does not profess to be an investigator, but contents himself with the work of selection and arrangement. He makes little reference to authorities, but follows in the steps of Prof. Cunningham and Prof. Ashley in their studies of English industrial history. His style is unusually clear, and very few writers on these subjects have succeeded better in constructing really life-like pictures of the social activities of the men of earlier ages.

The chief criticism that we have to make of Mr. Warner's work is that it is not free from the influence of some modern theories. He accepts too guilelessly the explanations which our ancestors proclaimed concerning some of their proceedings. No one nowadays would take the platform of a political party as a trustworthy account of the motives of its leaders, or think of judging of the "true inwardness" of many laws by their preambles. We know tolerably well, for instance, how a protective tariff is prepared and what it is meant really to accomplish. The future historian who should accept the party explanations and estimates of these statutes, however, would make sad work of his task. He would simply perpetuate political cant and humbug. The profession of virtuous purposes is very slight evidence of their existence or of their potency; and we know very well that hypocrisy is not exclusively a modern failing.

Let us take, for example, the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I. Mr. Warner tells us that Edward did not look to his convenience in this proceeding, but to the good of the country as a whole. The Jews were hated. They did not work, and they lent money at interest. Edward's action "was a deliberate and disinterested attempt to improve the condition of commerce." At that time, Mr. Warner believes, it was generally true that no profit was to be made by the use of borrowed capital. If a man borrowed, "it was to relieve a temporary necessity, not to make more money with what he borrowed." No doubt there were improvident borrowers then as now, but to assume that no profit was made by the use of capital if it was borrowed is absurd. The Jews, Mr. Warner says, did not "readily" engage in any "handicraft or industry." What handicraft or industry was open to them? Were they allowed to own land or to enter the gilds? To represent the Jew-baiting policy as enlightened benevolence is really degrading history.

It is almost amusing to see how completely the fallacies of the protectionists are accepted by those who glorify the mediæval gilds. In the thirteenth century, according to Mr. Warner, "current opinion . . . made strongly against deceit, fraud, and concealment." In what century did opinion make for them? Was there ever a monopoly whose professions were not of the loftiest character? As a matter of fact, the gilds were governed by the narrowest protectionism, which they represented as a disinterested regard for the general welfare. The craft gild would let none but members work at its trade, because, Mr. Warner tells us, only by doing so could it guarantee good work. That was the reason assigned by the gilds, but we need not take their word without question. To say that under the gild system there was no underselling or cutting out of rivals by improved process or specious goods, and that there were no wealthy employers struggling to become still wealthier, is altogether too sweeping. Our commercial morality may not be very high, but human nature was essentially the same in the thirteenth century as now, and protectionism has always been as selfish in practice as it has been unselfish in profession.

Letters of Sidney Lanier. Scribners. 1899.

The seemingly chaotic make-up of this volume—four different sets of letters to different persons, not even distributed in the order of their dates—really does no harm in the end, especially as the musical impressions are mainly contained in one department of the book and the personal revelations in another. There can hardly be two franker exhibitions of character than in the correspondence between Lanier and Bayard Taylor, in which both sides appear at their best, the one always beginning "My dear Lanier," and the other, more reverentially, "My dear Mr. Taylor." The difference of seventeen years in their ages is perhaps enough to explain the difference in phrase, but it suggests also the difference in temperament in the men. Taylor appears, as always, true to the life—robust, generous, over-worked, apparently on the topmost wave of success, yet always uneasy in his quest of those highest laurels which were not destined to be his; Lanier always sweet, refined, modest, grateful. Taylor writes characteristically:

"When you consider that for eight years the —— has snubbed me and sneered at me in the most vulgar way, and 'I still live,' you will not allow so flippant a notice to trouble you. . . . If Whittier should come to Boston, go and see him: it will be enough to say that you are my friend. . . . I breakfast with Lord Houghton tomorrow" (pp. 132, 133).

In Lanier's answer he has forgotten all his troubles in the atmosphere of home, of which he writes thus deliciously:

"My three young men—one of seven, one of five, and one of two years—keep me in an endless labyrinth of surprises and delights; nothing could be more keen, more fresh, more breezy, than the meeting together of their little immense loves with the juicy selfishness and honest animalisms of the dear young cubs. What a prodigious Candor they practise! They're as little ashamed of being beasts as they are proud of being gods: they accept themselves at the hands of their Creator with perfect unreserve; pug nose or Greek, blue eyes or gray, beasthood or godhood—it's all one to them. What's the good of metaphysical moping as long as Papa's at home and you've got a Mamma to kiss, and a new ball from now till dinner, and *then* apples! This is their philosophy; it is really a perfect scheme of life, and contains all the essential terms of religion, while—as for philosophy—it is perfectly clear upon points which have remained obscure from Plato down to George Lewes" (p. 133-134).

Taylor's kindness to Lanier was unbounded, and his criticism faithful and good, with that slight predominance of commonplaceness which was what Lanier needed. Lanier also appears as he is wont—a sheet of pure flame, a man over-italicized in life as in his poems. "In truth," he says, "I 'bubble song' continually during these heavenly days, and it is as hard to keep me from the pen as a toper from his tipple" (p. 181). You must take him as he is. Even in music he is an uncertain quantity, complaining of "that poor, bald music of Mozart," and adding, "Why do we cling so to humbugs? Mozart's music is not to be compared with Schumann's or Wagner's or Chopin's or Mendelssohn's or Beethoven's" (p. 77). But when we read, in his letters to his wife, what music was to him, we pardon him all heresies. After playing first flute for $30 in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and other music, he writes: "If they would only pay me by heartbeats, by agitations, by mental strains, by delights, by agonies, then I would already be grown rich on these aforementioned pieces. They say, however, that I play them very nicely, and this is some reward" (p. 89).

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitken, E. H. The Five Windows of the Soul. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Baldwin, W. J. An Outline of Ventilation and Warming. New York: The Author. $1.
Burnett, Frances H. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Scribners. $1.50.
Butler, S. Shakespeare's Sonnets. Longmans, Green & Co.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Patience, a Daughter of the Mayflower. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Chesnutt, C. W. The Wife of His Youth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dante Alighieri. The New Life. [Siddal Ed.]. London: Ellis & Elvey. 2s. 6d.
Dawson, Marjorie. Rhymes and Jingles. New York: Wright & Co. $1.50.
Dewey, Prof. J. The School and Society. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 75c.
Encyclopædia Medica. Edited by Dr. Chalmers Watson. Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. I. $6.
Farmiloe, Edith, and Parnell, Winifred. Rag, Tag and Bobtail. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Garnett, R. Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography. London: George Allen; New York: F. P. Harper. $1.75.
Hand, Rev. J. E., and Gore, Rev. C. Good Citizenship. London: George Allen; New York: F. P. Harper. $1.50.
Inge, W. R. Christian Mysticism. Scribners. $2.50.
Jewett, Sarah O. The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Kernahan, C. Scoundrels & Co. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Kropotkin, P. Memoirs of a Revolutionist. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
La Fontaine. A Hundred Fables. Illustrated by P. J. Billinghurst. John Lane. $1.50.
Lanier, Sidney. The Story of Our Mocking-Bird. Scribners. $1.50.
Lefroy, Ella N. The Man's Cause. John Lane.
Malan, H. Famous Homes of Great Britain. Putnams.
Marble, Annie R. Nature Pictures by American Poets. Macmillans. $1.25.
Maude Adams' Acting Edition of Romeo and Juliet. R. H. Russell. 50c.
Mayer, H. Fantasies in Ha Ha. New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.
Nichols, F. D. Milton's Shorter Poems. D. Appleton & Co.
Paine, A. B. In the Deep Woods. R. H. Russell.
Penrose, Margaret. The Burglar's Daughter. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co. 50c.
Peters, G. W. Picturesque Manila. Manila, P. I.: Chofre & Co.
Phillips, J. C. Plantation Sketches. R. H. Russell.
Rawson, E. K. Twenty Famous Naval Battles. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2 vols. $4.
Reed, T. F. Justice to the Veteran. Hero or Pauper:—Which? J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25c.
Singleton, Esther. A Guide to the Operas. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Smith, Pamela C. Annancy Stories. R. H. Russell.
Smith, J. H. The Troubadours at Home. Putnams. 2 Vols. $6.
Stalker, Rev. J. The Christology of Jesus. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Stratton, H. W. Sparks and Flames. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels. $1.25.
Strauss, M. A. Cupid and Coronet. R. H. Russell.
Sutcliffe, H. Shameless Wayne. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels. John Lane. $1.50.
Todd, C. B. A Brief History of the City of New York. American Book Co.
Townsend, M. S. Stories from Shakespeare. Frederick Warne & Co. $2.50.
Warren, Prof. F. M. French Prose of the XVII. Century. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Williamson, W. The Great Law: A Study of Religious Origins and of the Unity Underlying Them. Longmans, Green & Co.
Willson, B. The Great Company: History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay. Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.
Yeghton, Barbara. A Young Savage. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED